VANITY FAIR

AUGUST 1930

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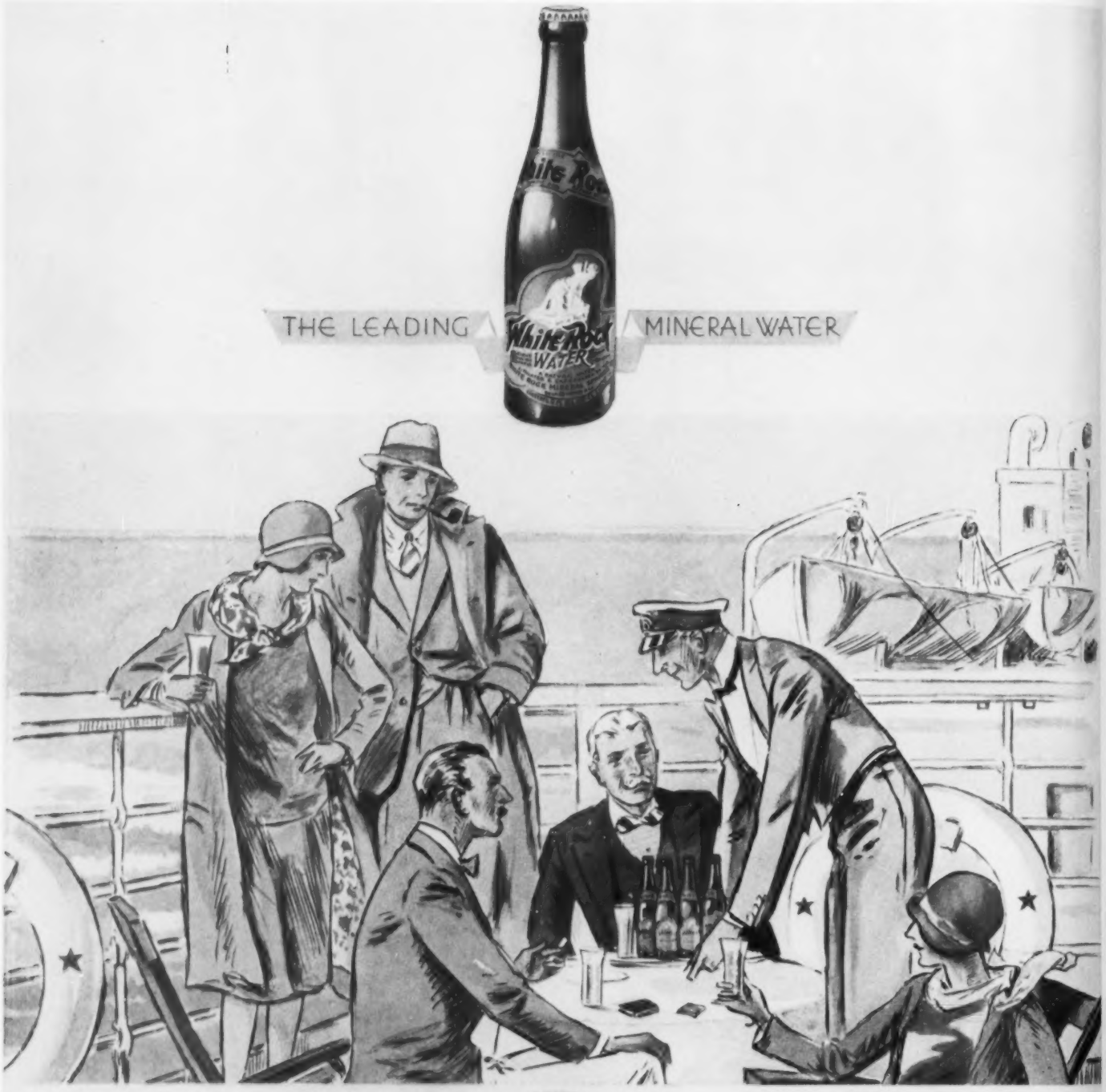

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NEW YORK

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
August, 1930

Vanity Fair is published every month by the Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $4.00 a year in advance.

Vol. No. 34. No. 4

B. ALTMAN & CO.

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MEN'S CLOTHING—SIXTH FLOOR

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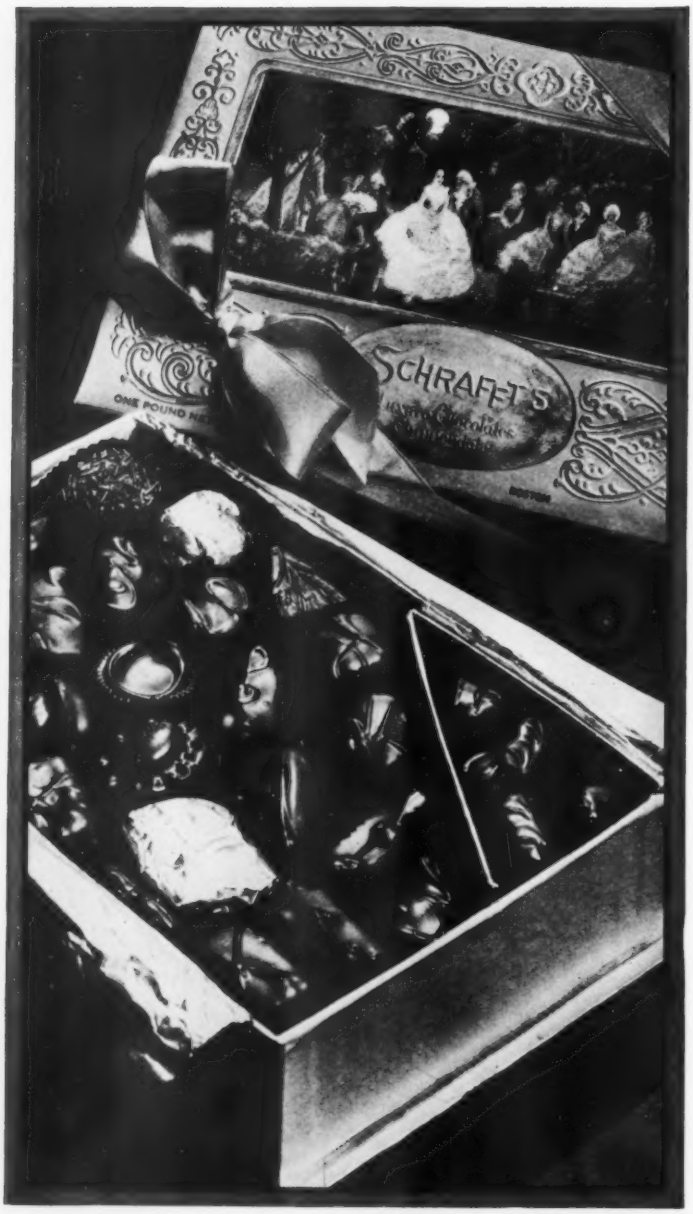

WHEN the threesome happens to be you, a good book and a box of Schrafft's — then three *is* good company!

And to prove it — just take a box of this delicious candy home with you when your favorite easy chair coaxes you to spend an evening there.

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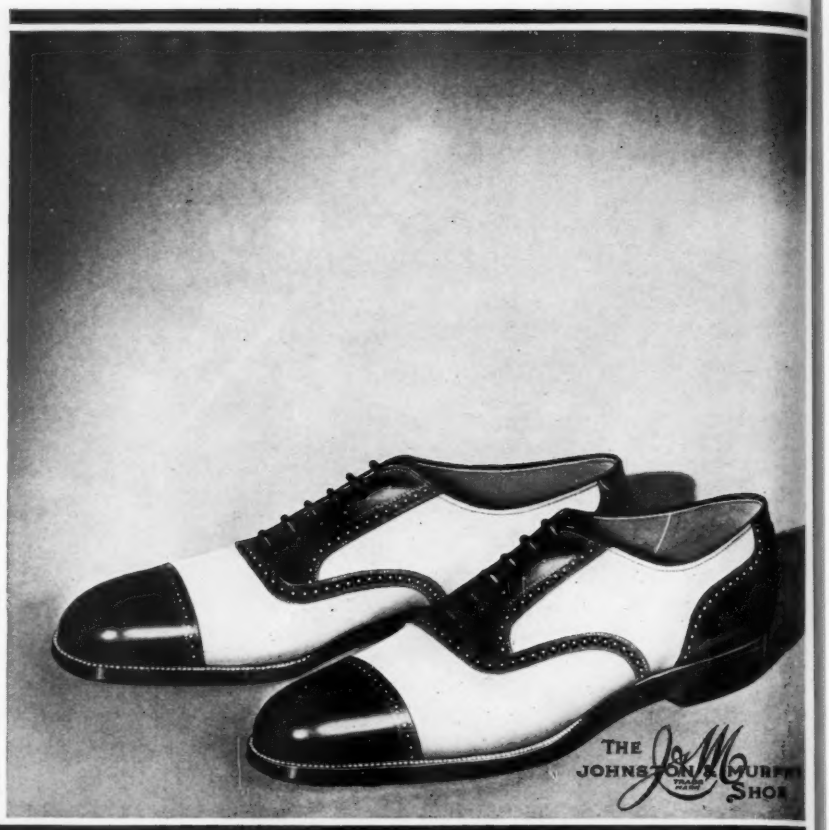

THE J & M STYLIST CREATES

THE ESSEX OXFORD FOR SPORTSWEAR

Black Calf Trim No. 501 . . . Tan Calf Trim No. 500

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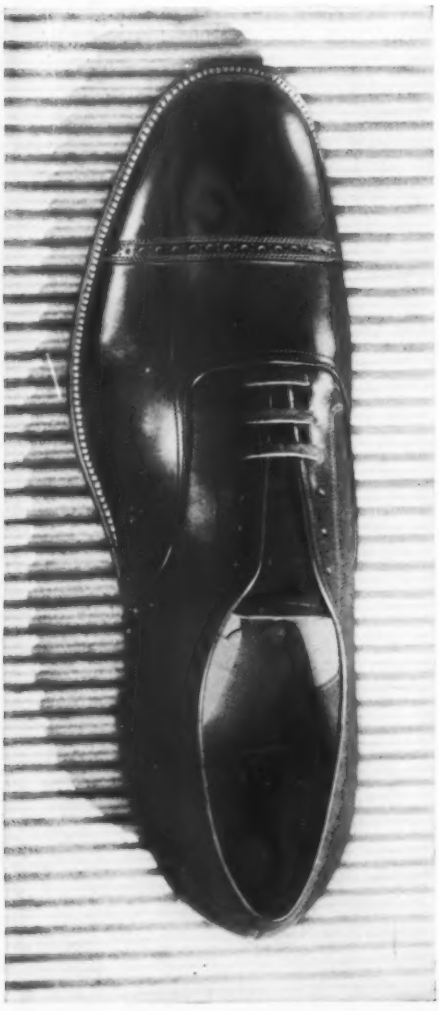

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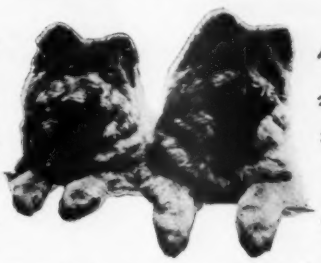

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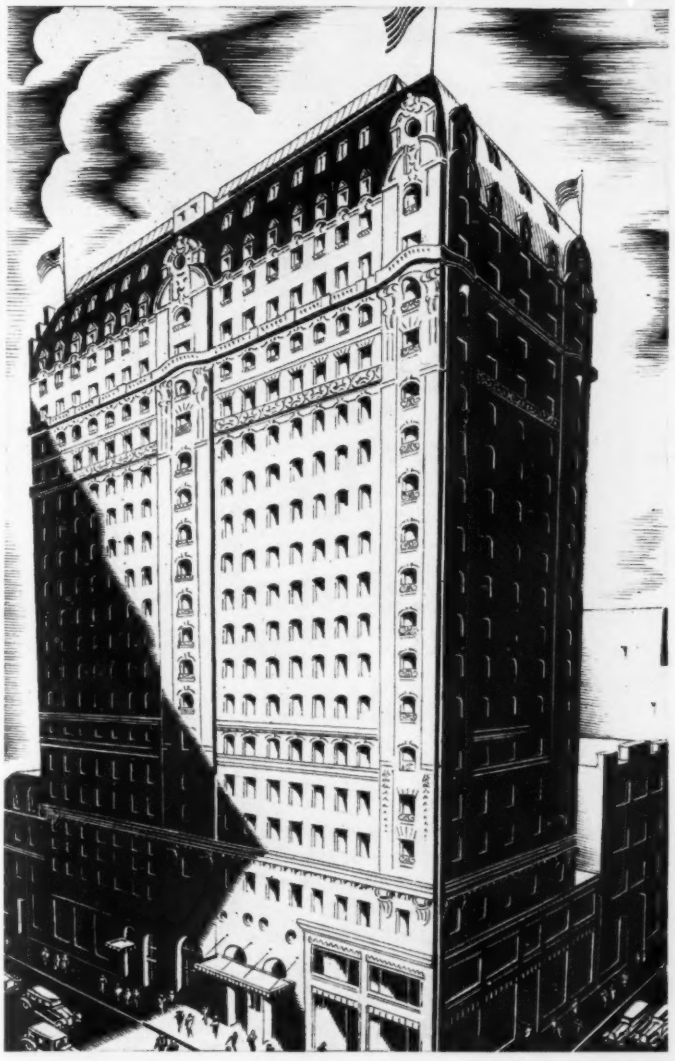

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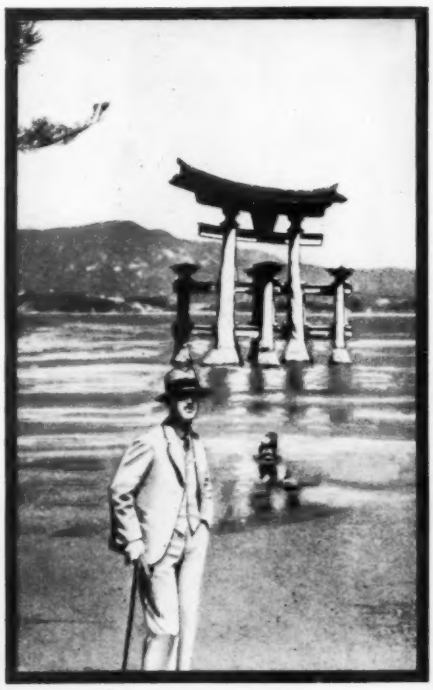

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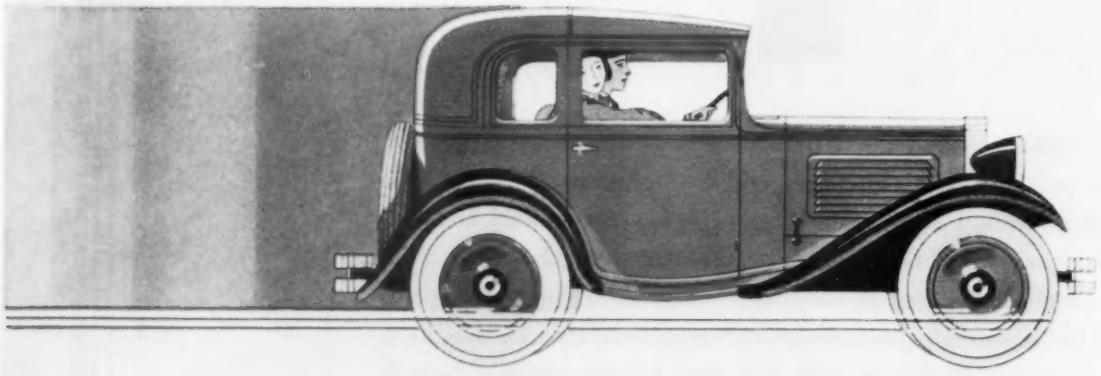

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VANITY FAIR

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

No laughing matter

Mr. Oliver La Farge whose novel *Laughing Boy* won the 1930 Pulitizer Prize for literature, makes the following comment on the picture of him which appeared in the May issue of *Vanity Fair.*

"Dear Sirs,—The caption run under my photograph is so likely to cause me trouble, that I am forced to write to you about it, although I appreciate the compliment paid me in selecting me for that page. . . . (New Reputations) To begin with . . . although the photograph was clearly signed by the well-known photographer Doris Ullman, the credit line ran 'Francis Ullman', and my own name was printed as 'Lafarge' . . . second, . . . the statement that 'of course' I have given up all other work for writing, is calculated to cause me serious embarrassment. . . . I am actively continuing my scientific work. . . . The attitude of scientists towards their colleagues who make a popular success is one of suspicion; and such a statement, apparently authorized by me, is likely to cause active hostility among the men whose support I need most. . . . I regret to write to you in this manner, being a constant reader and enjoyer of *Vanity Fair.* . . ."

An earnest to Franklin

Gentlemen: Any number of excellent pieces have been written concerning the abuses of the party now in power, but nowhere have I seen the question so brilliantly clarified as in the article by Mr. Jay Franklin, in the June issue of *Vanity Fair* called *What Price Prosperity?* . . .

There are a few other men who appear to look at the issue, at least in an economic way, as Mr. Franklin does, such as Mr. Paul Warburg of the Federal Reserve Board who has weathered even such brainstorms as the proposed law to put the Federal Reserve interest rate at an unchangeable 3%. Mr. Franklin belongs with men like this, of no particular party, yet of strong principles.

Your magazine has served, in the past, to bring other important men into the limelight, first as a vehicle for their work, then by printing articles about them.

Mr. Franklin is the first clear headed commentator upon the economic and political crisis which we are now approaching, and as such, he deserves a wider recognition. This is a splendid opportunity for you to exercise an important function. . . . JAMES MCENERY

Block-head

Dear Sirs, A humble subscriber hereby suggests that your clever authors' scintillating wits be directed against your Art Director, whose fidelity to "egg headed women" and "wooden shouldered men" (covers, you know) is a bit of a bore. H. FISK

A young genius

Dear Sirs, There is one feature of *Vanity Fair* that has always made me "sour", and that is the praise you heap upon foreign artists whose work is not fit to grace the class-rooms of some of our third rate art academies. . . . My six year old boy can draw as well as Picasso, and why such stupid work is glorified by so fine a magazine as *Vanity Fair* is beyond me.

The foreign caricatures in pen and ink are distinctive, but Holy Heaven forbid those "heroic canvas" portraits which you have so often reproduced in the past, of mothers and babes with eyes that don't match, noses that loop, and hands like fans. Even Lon Chaney shudders at 'em.

JOHN LE ROY JOHNSTON

Epitaph

Gentlemen: I have been a mortician for twenty-five years, and in all my reading I have never seen such an utterly false story as *Élégie* by Charles MacArthur. I have been doing embalming also for twenty-five years, and I never saw anyone so utterly heartless as the two men in the story.

Allow me to say that in all my years of practice I have seen in my parlors many, many hypocrites, many people who did not care, but I never saw one *Eugene,* or one *Charlie.*

GEORGE T. KASTNER

An American tragedy

Dear *Vanity Fair:*—Do have the grace to admit the truth about *The Beautiful Devil:* that it was bought blind; that after it was read this seemed the only way out without shame; that the name which sold it blind was simply Theodore Dreiser!

Grammar, diction, profound philosophic implications, are all too perfectly the matchless Mr. Dreiser's. The only possible alternative to the above theory is that Mr. Withers copied it all out of Mr. Dreiser's note-books;—or at least, the lovely poetry. . . . JAMES MAHONEY

The editors assure Mr. Mahoney that Mr. Withers has never met the author of *An American Tragedy.* It is quite likely that Mr. Withers has never even heard of Mr. Dreiser.

World traveller

Miguel Covarrubias, the twenty-six year old Mexican artist whose work is familiar to all readers of *Vanity Fair,* recently sailed on a tramp steamer bound for the Orient where he plans to remain for almost a year. Drawings by his hand, flavored no doubt by his impressions of Shanghai, Yokohama and the other cities of the Far East, will continue to appear in these pages, barring accident to the trans-Pacific mails. Señor Covarrubias was awarded first prize by the Art Director's Club in their recent competition for advertising illustrators for his painting *An American in Paris,* executed for the Steinway company.

Lady Editor

Margaret Case Morgan, the author of *Excuse It, Please!* which appears in this issue, has been a popular contributor to *Vanity Fair* for the past five years. She was educated in Paris, and writes with equal facility in French and English. She began her career as a feature writer on the New York *Globe,* later joining the staff of *Vanity Fair* in 1924 as its dramatic editor.

Parlour Prohibition

In the course of *Vanity Fair's* recent discussion of the Eighteenth Amendment much material pro and con on the subject was received in the editorial offices.

One of the most interesting communications revealed that a committee of women headed by Mrs. R. K. Strawbridge, of Philadelphia, is being organised in New York City and elsewhere to follow Mrs. Edward B. McLean's "bone-dry" example in Washington. Smart hostesses in New York are being asked to serve no intoxicants at any of their functions during the coming season. The justification of the movement is that it would "be of inestimable aid to the President in carrying out his problem of law observance and law enforcement". More interesting perhaps is the reply which a fair member of the staff of *Vanity Fair* made to this request. "I do not think that the plan will work among those people 'whose wealth and position clothe them with the power of example'. Speaking as *(Continued on page 78)*

PORTRAIT OF DEREK WILLIAMS

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VANITY FAIR

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P. & A.

JOHN MASEFIELD

The new Poet Laureate of England has long been the bard of sailors, longshoremen and laborers

■ John Masefield's appointment to the Poet Laureateship of Great Britain was a popular and inevitable choice, and one that promises to uphold the fine traditions of that office, which has been held by Chaucer, Dryden, Cibber, Southey, Tennyson, Wordsworth and Bridges. It also completes a poetic cycle, as Masefield himself admits his first inspiration came from the works of Chaucer, and that his debt to him is immense. The new Royal Bard spent much of his youth at sea,—and some of it in New York, where his experiences, while a struggling artist, as bar-tender in Luke O'Connor's saloon in Christopher Street have given rise to those colourful stories which have made him an American legend. Masefield has sung with power and charm of the English countryside, of fox-hunting, of the Great War; but it is for his ringing and salty poems of the men who go down to the sea in ships, of hunger and hardship and adventures before the mast, of brawls and tragic conflict and wanderings on the unexplored paths of empire that the author of *The Everlasting Mercy* and *The Widow in the Bye Street* is chiefly admired and known. It is a just tribute that this "bard of the people" should be chosen by the Crown, under a Labor Government, to lend new lustre to the annals of English poetry

VANITY FAIR

A TARIFF TO END TARIFFS • BY JAY FRANKLIN

■ Back in the days before we began to suspect that the Great White Father habitually wore a great white feather in his war-bonnet, we thought that Hoover was a trained economist, a broad-gauged administrator, an "engineer in politics", who would distill great big constructive policies from his high-pressure, copper-lined brain, instead of playing peanut politics with the party henchmen. That, at any rate, was the sort of man the majority thought they were voting for in the days when the name Smith suggested side-walks rather than cough-drops, and when we decided to keep a Republican in the White House for another four years.

Look at what has happened! President Hoover and the Republican Party have landed the country in the worst tariff mess in American history. Prosperity and our foreign trade are sick as dogs. Our tariff has offended thirty-six foreign governments which threaten reprisals and the country has been treated to fifteen solid months of sordid, imbecile Congressional wrangling over the silliest tariff since the Payne-Aldrich Bill which "did" for Taft.

Let it be said that the Smoot-Hawley Tariff is not a bad tariff. As protective tariffs go, it is pretty good. Its rates are not as high as the McKinley or the Dingley Tariffs; they are less than one-half of one per cent higher than the Payne-Aldrich Tariff and only three per cent higher than the Fordney Tariff under which we have managed to get along quite comfortably for eight years. The Smoot-Hawley Tariff is not bad, it is worse than bad: it is stupid. It comes just at a moment when the economic recovery of the world from the effects of the war leaves other nations for the first time in a decade in a position to take a crack at our prosperity. The present tariff has given them their opportunity and their excuse. It comes just at the moment when the economic development of America is leading us away from protection in the direction of freer trade. Finally, the tariff has got all tangled up with the question of farm relief and has led to the solemn promulgation of fiscal principles which sound like a satire on protection and which threaten to turn national sympathy for the distressed farmers into acute resentment. And Hoover can't do a thing to stop it.

■ The trouble began as soon as Hoover was nominated. Before he knew what was happening he found himself all tied up in a chain of pronouncements and promises which made the tariff the paramount issue of the campaign of 1928 in the mind of this man who was engaged in beating Smith with the aid of the Cannons, McBrides and professional Protestants of the American theocracy. On July 4, 1928, the Republican campaign manager said that the tariff would be the leading issue of the campaign. Smoot, Curtis, Hughes and the other protectionist witch-doctors took up the refrain. In his speech of acceptance at Palo Alto, on August 11, 1929, Hoover said, "We have pledged ourselves to make such changes in the tariff laws as may be necessary to provide real protection against the shifting of economic tides in our various industries." In his speech at Newark on September 18 and in his raid into the then Solid South at Elizabethtown, Tennessee, the engineer in politics advocated, "strengthening of the protective tariff as Henry Clay of Kentucky advocated it . . . I wish to see complete protection for the farmer of our home market." In his big tariff speech at Boston, ten days later, he remarked that "one of the most important economic issues of this campaign is the protective tariff . . . to give adequate protection to American labor, American industry and the American farm against foreign competition." They had him sewed up.

■ Came the election, but the victorious candidate did not come out of the Tariff ether. In his inaugural address he announced that "limited changes in the tariff cannot in justice to our farmers, our labor and our manufacturers, be postponed." Three days later he summoned a special session of Congress to meet on April 15, 1929, to consider these changes. He even sent that special session a message which claimed that "The government has a special mandate from the recent election . . . to revise the agricultural tariff. . . . It is not as if we were setting up a new basis of protective duties. We did that seven years ago." A campaign which had been waged and won largely on the ground that Smith was a Catholic, a Wet and a member of Tammany Hall, became a "special mandate" to revise the tariff.

So the mess began. The House, where autocratic methods of political jobbing pass muster as statesmanship, did its bit and passed the Bill on May 28, by a vote of 264 to 147. Then the Senate took over. Days and weeks and months rolled by, and still the Bill rumbled around the Senate, where the erudite Smoot had laid it in September, 1929. The stock-market had spasms, delirium tremens and nervous prostration and still the Senate crooned over the Bill. Coalitions formed, triumphed and dissolved, and the Bill was not yet law. First Smoot, then Borah, then Norris, and finally Grundy had the leadership. In his message to Congress at the regular session in December, the President plaintively remarked that "no condition has arisen in my view to change these principles stated at the opening of the special session" and asked for speed. The Senate held night sessions. Reckless promises were made and broken. The Bill would pass the Senate by Christmas, well, by February 15; it finally did pass on March 24, 1930, by a vote of 53 to 31, and it included 1,253 amendments to the Bill as passed by the House.

■ So the Tariff went to Conference, went back to the House, back to the Senate, back to Conference. The Senate backed down on debenture and the flexible provisions. The first was a proposal to pay the farmers to export their produce; the second was designed to end the Presidential power to juggle the rates. This was hailed as a Presidential victory but it removed the President's last legitimate excuse to veto the Bill, and it became evident that a veto would wreck his Party and a signature his Administration.

Time rolled on. Five million men walked the streets for work. A few of them found it. The country got excited over Prohibition, over Naval Disarmament, over Admiral Byrd, over Bobby Jones, and still the Bill meandered in and out of conference and still votes and roll-calls and orations resounded in Congress. The Bill began to threaten to do for Mr. Hoover what the Payne-Aldrich Tariff did for Mr. Taft, and still the White House conferred and Senators sounded off and the public yawned.

The effect has been to make the current American Tariff the best advertised bit of protection on the face of the globe. As protection goes, it is not extortionate. If there is a case for a protective tariff the Smoot-Hawley Bill is justified. It is not the only tariff in the world, nor even the highest tariff in the world. Spain, Brazil and Russia all maintain far stiffer rates. However, for fifteen months the entire world has seen us washing our dirty fiscal linen in public and our trade rivals have been quick to take advantage of the situation.

They began retaliating against us long in advance of any real or fancied injury to themselves. In the interval between Hoover's election and the beginning of tariff revision, twenty-five foreign countries raised their tariffs against American goods. These included Australia, Canada, *(Continued on page 70)*

Country life in Europe

BY PAUL MORAND

Visiting on the continent observed by a Frenchman who has lived through a thousand gay week-ends

■ It is a comparatively simple matter, in Europe, to own a *château;* in fact, there are ancient strongholds in Italy and southern France that can be had for a few hundred dollars. It is rather more difficult to own motor cars. It is almost impossible to have friends who are willing to climb into your motor cars with you, and go driving off to your *château.*

■ Generally, a *château* is not purchased; it is a curse handed down by one's family, a sort of hereditary disease. Only Americans can really enjoy one, for they do not inherit their *châteaux;* they rent them. They do not know what tremendous sums can be spent in repairing a roof, or in breaking through a twelfth-century wall with tools that are scarcely less ancient. They can also ignore the animosity of the peasants, the feuds between neighbours, and the various forms of rural theft that go by the names of leases, *fermage, métayage,* tithes. . . . Happy indeed are the Americans who reach their *châteaux* on a fine summer day, play tennis (if the grass court isn't transformed into a hayfield), plunge into the swimming pool, and sail home on the *Mauretania* at the first sign of frost. "My dear, I had *such* a lovely place in Normandy this summer, and so cheap, too. . . ."

Every nationality has its own ideal of *château* life. The French, for example, are notorious for their horror of nature, as all their literature goes to prove. The French garden, with its upholstered look and its decorative effects, is made to be gazed upon from a window—from a closed window, of course. The French country house is silent most of the day; the ladies are reading or writing in their rooms. Shortly before dinner, they appear in the *salon,* where a brilliant, witty, and malicious conversation is carried on by people who have never felt the slightest wish to hear the song of the nightingale, or to trip through the dews of morning. It is true that the hunting clothes of a few determined sportsmen may bear, occasionally, the frightful odour of woods and soil, but all the other guests will have ridden to hounds in a carriage, with books on their laps.

The dinners are like mediaeval feasts. There is a superabundance of game—for what has been shot must naturally be eaten—but there is nothing to do afterwards, except to wait for the next meal. The host has one amusement: he can clamber down to the cellar with his keys and select a cobwebbed bottle from the old wines bequeathed him by his ancestors. He must rise, however, at break of day, and set a good example to the peasants by hearing mass. Shortly before dark, he must have a pony hitched up and driven to the station, since one or two of the guests will now be returning after a few prudent hours spent in the heart of urban culture. . . . And so, for two weary months, Frenchmen buried in the country impatiently await the signal for their return to Paris.

■ There are two distinct types of Italian *châteaux:* the *château-fort,* or castle, which dates from the Renaissance, and the *château de plaisance,* or villa, which dates from the eighteenth century. The first is approached over impassable roads, but even after it looms into sight, you have hours of patient climbing in front of you, for the castle is a sort of eyrie, perched high on the mountainside. Night has already fallen, and the lord of the manor, whose only distraction has been to follow your painful progress across the plain, now suddenly lights a thousand flaring torches on his battlements. It is a splendid moment; you are proud of having a friend who has been cradled in so rich a past. You feel as if you were returning from the crusades. At last you reach the moat, where the donjons tower above you, red in the torchlight. You enter by a narrow drawbridge, to the great detriment of your mudguards. A terrific uproar greets you—for, as in times past, the whole population of the village inhabits the castle. You wander through endless corridors which are completely denuded of furniture (it has all been shipped off to Hollywood where it adorns the Hotel Ambassador). You pass beneath terrifying heraldic devices carved in stone; you scurry through vast and glacial rooms where ancestral portraits glower down at you suspiciously. Finally, in the Guard Room, amid red silk hangings, ebony and ivory furniture, forged steel weapons, and instruments of torture, you are greeted by your host.

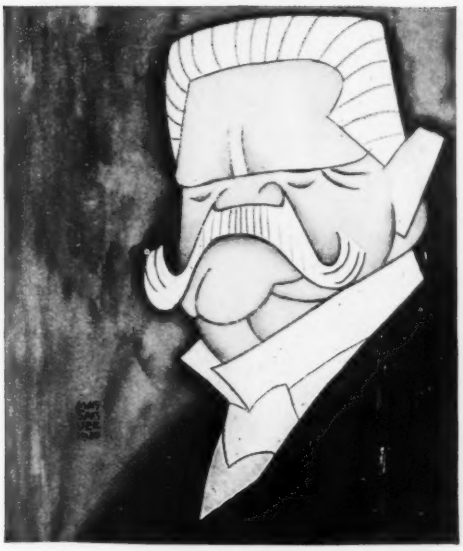
You are then escorted to one of the eighty bedrooms. It is lighted by a tiny window, and they warn you it is haunted. Here you are abandoned. "It's a simple matter," they tell you, "to find your way. Follow the Corridor of the Popes, then turn to the right and climb the stairway that leads to the Gallery of Roman Emperors. Just beyond the bust of Tiberius, take the corridor on the right, and the fifteenth door to your left leads into a hallway and your bedroom decorated by Mantegna is at the end."

Later, when you decide you will take a bath—there is one tub for every fifteen bedrooms—you retrace your steps through the corridors toward a sort of hall as spacious as the waiting-room of the Pennsylvania Station. Sunk in the marble floor of this hall is a Roman bath, into which you descend by a flight of stairs, as if you were entering a tomb. Water as red as blood, and icy cold from having passed through the glacial walls of the castle, trickles on you dismally from a faucet. In vain you call for a servant; nothing answers but the echo, and your voice trails off into infinity. The shades of incestuous popes, the ghosts of blood-thirsty *condottieri,* hover about as you slip your trembling body into the cold, stiff, gleaming bag that is your evening shirt. Clanking chains ring in your ears as you grope through the corridors toward the grand salon, where whole trees blaze in a fireplace that roasts you without yielding any real warmth. Wind moans among the flickering tapers, as in *The Fall of the House of Usher.* . . . Your sleep is haunted with nightmares, and you resolve to leave at dawn. But alas! it has rained during the night; the mountain torrent has become a river too deep to ford, and there are no bridges. You must therefore return to your haunted chamber, and in the canopied bed like that of *Desdemona,* wait for better days.

■ The Italian *château de plaisance* is more cheerful, but the roads to it are just as impassable. After leaving your car in the court of honour—which the village has taken over and transformed into a marketplace full of corn in golden heaps and scrawny hens tethered by their legs—you are swallowed up by a monumental door. The walls of every room are covered with frescoes; not a square foot is left unpainted. There are the Room of the Navigators, the Room of the Horses, the Room of Celebrated Philosophers; even the ceilings sag with the weight of allegorical figures. Your hostess apologizes: "Italy is really no place to entertain. The *foie gras* hasn't come from Paris, and the grouse missed the plane from London." You are therefore condemned to spaghetti and *polenta.* As for *champagne,* Mussolini has just forbidden its importation, and you are reduced to drinking *asti spumante* in its sweetest and most Italian form. Beneath you lies the valley, a sweltering furnace where no one would dare to risk his health. So there is nothing left but to stroll in the garden, or investigate such ancient curiosities as the labyrinth where laughing girls spy on you, invisible though near, and the moving bench that squirts a stream of water over you as soon as you sit down—a device which proves that the pleasures of Coney Island are not strictly modern inventions.

In the evening the *(Continued on page 70)*

FOREIGN MINISTER ARISTIDE BRIAND



PRESIDENT PAUL VON HINDENBURG

PREMIER BENITO MUSSOLINI

DRAWINGS BY MASSAGUER

PRIME MINISTER RAMSAY MACDONALD

■ "Unite to live and prosper—that is the strict necessity facing the nations of Europe henceforth. It is for governments today to assume their responsibilities."—Briand

■ "The ins and outs of all these political questions and counter questions only bring me uncomfortable hours and increase my dislike of politics."—Von Hindenburg

■ "Words are beautiful things, but muskets, machine guns, ships, airplanes, and cannon are much more beautiful things. Right without force is a vain word."—Mussolini

■ "Another European war is as certain as tomorrow's sunrise, if an active peace mind, not only of the pious but of the practical kind, does not intervene."—MacDonald

When national leaders disagree

Marriage for profit

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

The modern woman finds that marrying for money is the only career that opens glittering vistas

■ It is high time that some one spoke out about this marriage nonsense. There are at this very moment hundreds, nay thousands, of educated men and women who believe quite seriously that marriage is a matter of love. This unhealthy fallacy is pandered to by the writers of popular fiction and is even, in extreme instances, encouraged by the church. Untold misery is brought to countless deserving homes by the insistence on the romantic element in marriage. The successful marriage, as the successful business venture, is however, made of sterner stuff.

For love, as we all know, is merely a question of skin: whereas marriage must rely for half a century upon the ultimate forces of intelligence and character. It is better to marry a man with a bald head and an easy temperament, than to tie yourself to an Apollo. The latter will lose his hair at the age of thirty-two, whereas the former's bald pate will, after some eighteen months of marriage, become for you a mere common object of the countryside.

■ It is not, however, to warn you against the disillusions of love, or to tempt you by pictures of the rewards of reason, that I have indited this article. I do not desire merely to illustrate the foolishness of love: I desire to illustrate the high wisdom of reason. For a marriage of reason is indeed the highest romance attainable.

You question this assertion? Take the position of modern woman. I am not referring to the ordinary woman, who can easily find her silly little place in modern society. I am referring to the extraordinary woman,—to the Agrippinas, the Aspasias, the Queens of Sheba. What can such women do today? They can fly to Australia or South Africa, they can fling themselves into philanthropic studies, they can smirk before the camera or squeak before the microphone. True enough. But in this they are but emulating mere man: they are not doing something wide and magnificent which no mere man can accomplish. No—the only real career for a super-woman today is the career of marriage. And it must be marriage for profit.

■ The hand, as we know, that rocks the cradle rules the world. And the more people who can be hired to rock the cradle for you, the more time will you have for ruling the world. The first principle for any aspiring woman is thus that she should marry for money and not for love. Let us examine this question dispassionately.

Woman (fortunately or unfortunately) is so constituted by nature that between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight she develops an instinct to leave her home nest for a nest of her own.

In other words she desires to exchange the protection of her father for that of her husband. This element of "protection," whether you like it or not, is at the root of the female marriage instinct. ("She laid her head upon his strong shoulder, she felt the rough texture of the tweed against her cheek. . . ." such commonplaces of the sex-novel are not without their biological justification.) Now in savage times,—and most of our instincts are still determined by the necessity of adjusting the individual to savage conditions—the protection required was simply and solely physical force. A man was desirable to a woman according to the size of his biceps and the condition of his health. He had to be "young and strong" in order to protect her against the dangers to which, in a primitive society, her tender frame was likely to be exposed. What she was after was vigour. Vigour to hunt, vigour to defend, vigour of procreation.

Although today these primitive conditions no longer remain, yet we persist in venerating the primitive instincts which were evolved to meet them. There is a vast lack of intelligence in this attitude. A husband today, as in the flint age, must provide food, clothing and protection. But he is no longer supposed to provide these by the sinews of his body.

An elderly banker today can in all certainty provide you with better and more continuous food, better and more luxurious raiment, better and more solid protection than Mr. Schmeling himself. Biceps today are biologically far less valuable than a banking account.

But the average woman of today is pathetically incapable of grasping the obvious fact that human nature has been modified slightly since the ice-age. She still expects her men to defend her with their fists. "Why," she will murmur to her husband after she has been insulted by a chauffeur, "Why didn't you knock him down? *Really*, Gerald."

Poor painted savage—she little recks how barbarous is her own combative instinct. This strange cannibal survival is in fact one of the most irritating traits of the female character. The pugnacity of women is always vicarious. They love the scent of other people's blood. This is one of the main disadvantages of belonging to a parasitic species.

Now an intelligent woman will desire to escape from this parasitic necessity. She will realise that a rich marriage is the only career in which woman can expand to the full limits of her genius. Such a marriage would provide her with scope, opportunity, and the biological necessity of protection. But she must envisage her vocation in all seriousness. No trivialities such as love and sex must be allowed to intervene. She must be daring from the outset and her ambition must be a wide and flaming thing. It is no use her marrying someone just a little richer than herself. Such an action would be a mere timid compromise. She must marry someone extravagantly, fantastically rich: thus and thus alone will she attain to dominion. She must be able to purchase Titians and palaces, to dress in ermine and pearls, to fling her white orchids petulantly into the gilded paper baskets of the Ritz Hotel. All her gestures should be wide and lavish. After the first essential calculation (the calculation of her prospective husband's income) there should be no further calculation at all. She should live in an atmosphere of shrewd recklessness, of dashing caution. She should display to the world the bare shoulders of her shamelessness, and keep her more bourgeois scruples for the privacy of her own chamber. She should fling her pearls before swine, and provide her husband's friends with plovers' eggs and little ortolans in aspic. She should endow museums, and start movements, and lose libel actions, and give large dowries to the Princes of impoverished dynasties. She should set the tongues of the world wagging in dry or watery mouths. She should be outrageous and intolerable, she should be relentless and cruel, she should have no friends and but a few carefully chosen acquaintances. She should glitter upon her summit, hard, impenetrable and alone.

■ It is possible, of course, that such a woman —the super-woman of my dreams—might also be made of flesh and blood. In that case she must be very careful about the lovers whom she selects. The Latin races, I am assured, furnish the best lovers, and it is advisable in contracting a liaison to place the matter on a purely financial basis from the outset. Unless one's lover receives a regular salary the whole thing is apt to become squalid and uncertain. He should be paid by the month with a stated gratuity in the event of dismissal. It is also delicate and decorous, when dismissing a lover, to provide him not merely with bank notes but also with some object of value and beauty. One must be careful, however, to keep a list of these objects and their recipients. A lady of my acquaintance made the great (*Continued on page 82*)

STEICHEN

Helen Hayes

The talented actress who in private life is Mrs. Charles MacArthur, with her child Mary, a noted "Act of God"

▪ Helen Hayes, the well-known star of *Coquette*, stranded that play in mid-season last year, almost at the height of its prosperity. Miss Hayes and her producer were forthwith sued for breach of contract, but she entered as a legal excuse the approaching and unpremeditated advent of Mary, the young person pictured above in her mother's arms. This she claimed was an "Act of God". However, in court the fine legal point which this contention aroused was decided in the plaintiff's favour. It was ruled that, while babies are indeed, the most legitimate of God's acts, they cannot be considered as valid reasons for the breach of a contract.

Mary's father, Charles MacArthur, was the co-author of *Lulu Belle* and *The Front Page*. At present he is in Hollywood writing for the films.

Early next season Miss Hayes will create a new and important rôle on the New York stage in *Mr. Gilhooley*. This play will be produced under the aegis of Mr. Jed Harris, who, with Miss Hayes, was co-defendent in the "Act of God" issue

DRAWING BY COVARRUBIAS

Star Bright, Star Light, First Bar I've Seen Tonight

Excuse it, please

BY MARGARET CASE MORGAN

Wherein it is demonstrated that a domestic triangle can be no stronger than its weakest central point

■ Mrs. Alfred Duffy lay in bed, in a frivolous sea of pink marabou, and looked at her husband without emotion. Alfred, having parted his hair and placed unguents upon it, was now brushing it carefully, a brush in each hand—two strokes to the right, two to the left. Upon the twin bed across from his wife's, his bag lay packed and ready for the usual fortnightly business trip to Boston.

The pale sun of a November morning drifted through the window to dwell timidly on the richness of the room, a pink-and-blue richness frosted with lace and with marabou and rose quartz; for Mr. Duffy was in the theatrical make-up business and, on the crest of a recent vogue, had made half a million dollars before you could say Florenz Ziegfeld.

■ His wife, now bringing her shallow blue eyes to rest for a moment upon a portrait that hung on the wall opposite the windows, was conscious that her husband's gaze had wandered there too. It was a portrait of himself, life-size and as accurate as though someone had sliced off the front of Mr. Duffy and pasted it neatly against the canvas—but with an added, sinister quality as well; for here the peaceful curves of the Duffy figure were exaggerated to an unhappy opulence, the friendliness of the eyes was lightly cartooned to a fawning anxiety. It was a portrait painted in skilful contempt of the sitter.

Mr. Duffy, however, did not observe these flaws in his likeness. He had never thought himself a handsome man, and he found sufficient enchantment in the gardenia portrayed upon his lapel, in the pearly gloss of the spatted feet. He liked to see it there, on the wall of the bedroom, it was a sturdy and proper background for the pretty laces and languors of Violet, his wife. And to see himself large upon his own wall gave him a comfortable feeling of presiding pleasantly over his home.

He finished dressing, kissed Violet briefly and picked up his bag. "I'll be home to-morrow night, Baby," he said, and paused before the portrait. "You're sure you don't think that painting ought to have glass over it?"

Violet's shoulder curved impatiently against a pink satin pillow. "It's dusted every day," she told him, "and besides, people simply don't put glass over portraits."

He turned once in the doorway, his eyes peaceful upon the charming picture of his wife, his home, and the portrait smiling protectively on them both. Then he waved his hand, and was gone.

Violet, that night, was tearful in the smoked amber gloom of a familiar speakeasy.

"There's nothing the matter with me, Paul," she repeated, pathetically, "nothing except that—you don't love me any more."

Paul Baxter lit a cigarette. It was an accusation that he had heard from her so often that he no longer listened—so often, in fact, that he was sometimes inclined to agree.

"Do you, Paul? Don't you love me just a little bit, any more?" Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, for the love of. . . . Of course I do, Vi," he told her fretfully, "only how do you expect me to, when you're always nagging and picking on me—"

"Picking on you! Oh, Paul darling—why, I try to help you. Why, I got you your first commission—to paint Alfred's portrait last year—"

"Yes, I know. You've reminded me of that before."

■ The silence grew between them. Once, their conversation had been made solely of mutual assurances of their love, and it had been enough; but beyond that, they had nothing to say to each other. And it was this silence that Violet had come to recognize, that filled her with panic. "I ought to talk," she would tell herself, "I ought to be amusing." And then her tongue would stumble desperately into the old channel of tears and of discontent with the kind of love that she had found for herself.

She finished her highball. "I'm so worried, Paul. I don't know what Alfred would do—he's so proud of his home and his wife and everything. . . . Sometimes I'm *afraid*, Paul, when I think of what he might do if he ever found out about us." She touched her eyes with a handkerchief, and the mascara came off on it in a muddy streak. "You know, I was on the stage before we got married, and Alfred always thought that actresses were immoral until he met me." She was unconscious of the faint look of amusement that visited her lover's face. "And all this secrecy is getting on my nerves so, and that private telephone—"

Paul interrupted her. "Well, you had to have that," he explained reasonably, "unless you wanted your cook and the whole household listening in on you from the other telephones in the apartment. And I've always been pretty careful not to call you up when *he* was home."

"I know, but—"

■ "And anyway," he went on, irritably, "what do you suppose a scandal would mean to *me?* Have you thought of that? Have you thought what would happen to my career if every husband in New York was afraid I'd steal his wife?" He frowned, and lit another cigarette. "It would ruin me, artistically."

Violet's eyes dwelt incredulous upon this man who could talk of himself when her home and her life were at stake.

"Oh, this," she murmured dramatically, "this is the end."

He was silent. And in that haunted silence Violet was able to be thankful that she had found him unworthy. She would give him up. She would be a better wife to Alfred, the virtuous wife he had always thought her. She would try to make it up to him. . . . When Paul had paid the check, she rose and moved with dignity to the door.

When he left her at the entrance to her apartment, they both knew that it was for the last time. But there were no tears in Violet's blue eyes now; they were lifted purely toward that new life that was to be hers and Alfred's. All through the next day she moved with an exaltation that was dramatic and complete; and the beauty of her emotion was scarcely dimmed by the knowledge that she had never learned to time her gestures of renunciation properly; whatever she sacrificed proved generally to be something that would, before long, have failed her anyway.

Violet Duffy extended her hand into the dark space between the twin beds and sought, by a series of playful murmurs, to impress her husband with the knowledge that it was there. He took it tenderly into his own.

"Good-night, Baby."

"Good-night, darling. I'm so glad you're home again with me." *(Continued on page 82)*

Speakeasy Nights

Look at the picture opposite, and then recite the History of America in Twelve Words: Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, Volstead, up two flights and ask for Joe. Here we have, reading from left to a slightly cock-eyed right, a former football star who has just made a very forward pass at a lady, and is being eased out for it; the little girl who calls up Harry every ten minutes; the big merger in ladies' suitings just under the Bay of Naples; and Passion rearing its ugly head at the end of the bar, while the group around the piano are deep in the heartache of Love

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

Loretta Young

A talented newcomer to the screen who brings a real charm to her talking film "At Bay"

The Bournemouth mystery

BY EDMUND PEARSON

LONDON TIMES

HOUSEKEEPERS AND COOKS.

HOUSEKEEPER, PLAIN COOK, or NURSE-ATTENDANT, any Position of Trust; good references.—Mrs. Bateman, 107, Humber-road, Blackheath, S.E. 3.

MRS. REEVES' AGENCY, Derby, has disengaged LADY-HOUSEKEEPERS, Companions, School Matrons, Governesses, Nursery Governesses, Lady-Nurses, Lady-Helps; excellent testimonials.

LADY-COOK (31) REQUIRES POST in school; experience in school with 60 boarders; disengaged; salary £65.—Miss I. Wilkins, 21, Thirlmere-road, London, S.W. 16.

LADY-COOKS, Matrons, Housekeepers, &c., disengaged, for hospitals, schools.—Bureau, 13, Old Bond-street, Bath.

A1 COOKS, House-Parlourmaids, Generals, and all classes of reliable Servants.—The best medium of obtaining them is through Mrs. Pipe, 226, Edgware-road, W.; King's, 352, High-road, Brondesbury; Old-established Registry Offices and Servants' Homes. Numbers suited daily.

COMPETENT COOKS available.—Universal Service Association, 72a, Ebury-street, S.W. 1. (Victoria 4487.)

CUISINIERE Française desire une PLACE à Londres.—Madame Angelle, 24, Raphael-street, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

SINGLE-HANDED COOK REQUIRES SITUATION West Hampstead; four maids kept; free beginning of January.—Apply to E. Stanford, 7, Angel-gate, North-street, Guildford.

HIGHLY-RECOMMENDED Good PLAIN COOK in place where boy of six not objected to; Wills or Hants preferred.—Write Hon. Mrs. Porter, Southington, Overton, Basingstoke.

ALWAYS take your Servant worries to Secretary, Universal Service Association, 72a, Ebury-street, S.W. 1. Competent Maids always available. (Victoria 4487.)

COOK-GENERAL and HOUSE-PARLOURMAID; young well-trained maids from country rectory; cooking, housework, waiting, &c.; used to children; excellent references.—F. Jackman, Childer's Agency, 60, High-street, Guildford.

YOUNG COOK-GENERAL; £34; dainty cooking; most willing and obliging; personal references.—J. Sexton, care of Royal Agency, 3, London-road, Kingston.

PARLOUR & HOUSE-PARLOURMAIDS.

A REAL assistance when servant hunting. Competent MAIDS, always suitable; town or country. The Secretary, Universal Service Association, 72a, Ebury-street, S.W. 1. UNDER THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE. (Victoria 4487.)

A facsimile of Miss Irene Wilkins's advertisement for a position as "lady-cook", which appeared in the help-wanted columns of the respectable *Morning Post;* and a photograph of a gentleman named Thomas Allaway whose intentions towards the young woman were suspected by the police of being more murderous than domestic

SOME CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AND (ABOVE) MR. THOMAS ALLAWAY

■ If this story were told in a detective novel it would have two conspicuous figures: the stupid chief of police, and the brilliant lawyer for the defense. The policeman would arrest his victim, and proceed to cook up a case. The brilliant attorney, in a dramatic scene, would prove the innocence of the prisoner, and forthwith discover the real murderer.

It would then appear that the murdered person had been extremely detestable—that being the comforting creed of most of the detective novelists. So the murder would prove to be not much of a crime, after all, and not very interesting, in any event.

But this is the story of an actual occurrence, although the work of discovering the offender had in it some peculiar resemblances to a detective yarn. It was known to the newspaper readers of Britain, in the winter and spring of 1921-22, as "The Bournemouth Mystery"—quite in the manner of Sherlock, himself.

There really was a local police chief: a plump person, not especially hawk-like in visage, but wearing a fireman's moustache. He had no record whatever for the solution of amazing problems of crime. His queer name was Shadrach Garrett.

■ And there was also a brilliant attorney for the defense: no less than Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies, barrister, who is the author of many works on heraldry, as well as two detective novels: *The Mauleverer Murders,* and *The Dangerfield Inheritance.*

Even those of us who have read only two or three hundred of the most recent detective novels, can imagine what chance a policeman, with almost no expert knowledge of heraldry, and a late-Victorian trust in the value of circumstantial evidence, should have against such a barrister.

Now, Garrett was awakened one chilly December morning and told some disturbing news. A farm labourer, on a lonely road three or four miles out of Bournemouth, had found the dead body of a young woman—a stranger to everyone in the town. She had been savagely beaten on the head, then dragged over to a hedge, and left there since the previous night.

The police arrived before traffic began to pass on the road. There was no indication as to the woman's name, and only one fact of importance to be observed. The tracks of one motor-car were clearly visible. Their position, in relation to some blood-stains, made it plain that the murdered woman had been brought in this car. And they showed that the car had Dunlop Magnum tires.

In a few hours the woman's identity was established. A man named Wilkins came down from London, looking for his sister, a Miss Irene Wilkins who had advertised in *The Morning Post,* the day before, seeking a position as "lady-cook". She had been answered, the same day, by wire from Bournemouth:

> COME IMMEDIATELY 430 TRAIN WATERLOO BOURNMOUTH CENTRAL CAR WILL MEET TRAIN EXPENCE NO OBJECT URGENT WOOD BEECH HOUSE

Miss Wilkins had wired to "Wood, Beech House" that she was coming, and had caught the 4.30 train. After she left, her telegram was returned to her home, with the information that Wood was not to be found. Her family felt concerned; but it was too late.

They might have been still more concerned had they known what the police were soon to discover,—that this was the third such telegram sent from Bournemouth within a week. Each was an attempt to decoy a woman down from London. One had asked an employment agency to send a "young plesent nurse companion for girl." To one of these messages a woman replied by coming to Bournemouth, but no one met her. The girl who got the other telegram took advice in the matter, and luckily decided not to come. But no gods of chance had intervened in behalf of Irene Wilkins; nobody had noticed her on the train; and, apparently, no one had seen her arrive in Bournemouth. The curious plot had at last been successful.

The Morning Post is not a paper studied in the underworld; rather more is it associated with the Fine Old Crusted Tories, and pictures of elderly peers, reading it at breakfast. This fact, and the lavish hand of the writer of the three telegrams—each cost over two shillings—gave the public a delicious idea of "a wealthy *roué*", someone of exalted station, remaining quietly at home, and concocting foul schemes. Not only were Dr. Cream and Jack the Ripper resuscitated in the newspaper columns, but the more erudite criminologists in the clubs began to murmur of Gilles de Retz and M. le Marquis de Sade.

■ These notions still persist around Bournemouth. Many amateur detectives refuse to give up their fancy of a bad baronet, or a wicked old Marquis of Carabas, in his ogre's castle. To him, his minion in the motor-car brought the victim, and next morning, after the dreadful orgies were done, the same minion carried the dying girl away, and threw her body out by the roadside.

Policeman Garrett disagreed. Miss Wilkins's clothes were slightly wet, as with rain. There had been showers *(Continued on page 74)*

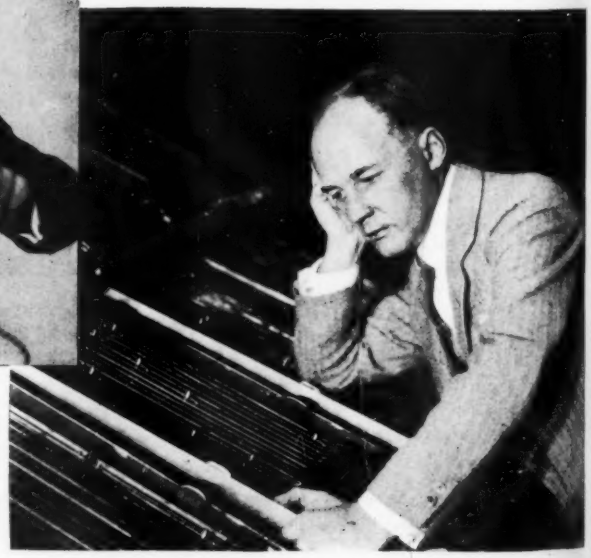
Cliff Edwards, better known as "Ukelele Ike", hums and sings, strums and coddles his little ukelele in a way so novel that the collegiate co-eds grow green as the campus grass with envy

Borah Minnevitch takes the harmonica —that instrument so long associated with school-rooms and county fairs— and in his mouth it is made to exude some authentic and unexpected music

Jack Powell wields a pair of drumsticks with abandon—on table-tops, bottles, kitchen pots, pans, or what have you. His infectious rhythms can set an entire audience toe-tapping

Strange musicians

Leon Theremin, young Russian scientist stands before the "ether wave" instrument which he invented, and by gently undulating his hands, elicits the weirdest harmonies from empty space



Thomas Wilfred lays his fingers on the keyboard of his colour organ, the Clavilux, and renders such suggestive symphonies in light and color that critics acclaim his new visual music

Hyde Park and the hecklers

BY JIM TULLY

A visitor to a London park finds freedom of speech still burgeons on the British tongue

■ It was the most sunlit Sunday London had known in many months.

Hyde Park was crowded with people.

Many of them were gathered about the improvised stands of speakers, ready to denounce all things.

Everything boils over in Hyde Park. It is the hot stove of England. Patriots denounce the government. Agnostics denounce God. Religious fanatics denounce agnostics.

Police look on indifferently while they, too, are denounced.

Men and women who never go to sea are temporarily, at least, the rulers of the queen's "nav-ee."

"Why should a navy spend so much money for fuel while children are hungry in London?" a speaker asks.

"That's wot we'd like to know," the audience rejoins.

The army is attacked as a bunch of the king's loafers. Nearly everybody agrees.

One listens, smiling, aware that if someone suddenly started to sing *God Save the King*, or yelled, "The Germans are coming," the gentlemen and ladies in the park would turn into a shaking phalanx to drive back the supposed barbarians.

■ Each speaker stands on a platform and does what he can to attract a crowd. He uses all the tricks of an American circus barker to draw people from the orator on the next box. With dozens of speakers about the park, it requires some ability to hold an audience.

Many of them discuss God, immortality and the Bible. The English public seems more interested in a world to which they think they are going than the one in which they are detained.

A greasy gentleman yelled, "How will you stand when you meet Jesus?"

"On three feet," a toothless cockney yelled. Laughter followed.

The speaker shook his head in deep commiseration. "Poor people—outside the fold. My heart aches for you." He looked heavenward. "I get everything from Jesus."

"What's his last nime—is it in the telephone book?"

"No. . . ." replied the speaker, "it is in the Book of Gold—and all who have their names there will have life everlasting."

"How do you know?" asked a young girl.

"Jesus told me. . . ."

"It wa'nt Jesus at all. It was a bloody nightmare you had."

An old lady, hat on the back of her head, a hymn book in her pudgy red hand, stood up beside the speaker and made an effort to sing.

"I'll go with Him through the valley—"

"You'll stub your toe—you old hag."

She stopped singing. Her face was firm, kind, beneficent. Her eyes wandered over the tawdry audience.

"Ah, people of little faith,"—the old red hand clutched the hymn book, "we will go into the land of Egypt, where we shall see no war, nor hear the sound of the trumpet, nor have hunger of bread, and there we will dwell. Now, therefore, hear ye the word of Jehovah, oh, remnant of Judah. . . ."

"Who wants to go to Egypt? Not I," the man with three upper teeth missing exclaimed.

"Did you ever read in the Book of Proverbs, dear scorner at truth—'Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.' "

The laugh was on the man.

■ "Suffer the little children to come unto Him," began another speaker, relieving the quoter of proverbs.

"Why suffer them, they'll have sufferin' enough a-workin' in sweat shops afore they die," a newly arrived heckler said. The speaker continued.

"We are all God's children."

"He's a busy man with so many kids—no wonder he can't feed 'em all," the heckler retorted. There followed gusts of laughter.

"You can all laugh yourselves into Hell, but only God can get you out."

"Aw, shut up," from an exasperated cockney.

"Shut up, yourself," shouted a devout listener beside him.

"I don't need to shut up—they're offerin' this to us free and we ain't a-takin' it—that's what."

A song was started. The small gathering of Christians shouted the words of the song defiantly.

I wondered why people of high intelligence lacked intensity like theirs.

Another man began talking. His voice, heavy as a bass drum, thundered across the park.

"I am here to tell you that the Old Testament is a forgery and the New Testament a pious fraud."

It was too much for the followers of the Gospel.

With a look of pity at the disheveled attacker of the Bible, they hurried away. He thundered after them, "I say vehemently and with passion—there is neither God nor devil—all marriage is a sin and man ends in death—the Old Testament is a lie—I can prove it."

The heckler with the three absent teeth now stood in front of the vociferous agnostic.

"You can't prove nothin'. That's a damn lie—You oughta be ashamed of yourself. Here on Sunday afternoon denyin' His holy word."

Ignoring him, the agnostic continued, "There will always be those who try to find fly specks on the eternal clouds of truth. If a lie is a lie in one way, it is a lie in another. What matters it which is a fraud so long as they are both frauds? Now, I ask you, use your craniums, gentlemen. They were made for something else besides carrying your hair to the barber. Fools riding hobby horses, with your feet in the stirrups of falsehood, that's what you are."

"Your feet's too big to get in stirrups," a young girl shouted.

"And so's my mind," the man countered.

"Jesus was supposed to work so many miracles. He didn't work the miracle of making twelve men get along together. Why, they quarreled like the Irish. He got twelve fellows to preach for him, and another denied him. But even that shows he was a good judge of human nature. The poor fellow learned much in the last week of his life. Did he not ask his supposed Father to deliver him?

"They say the lightning flashed and the thunder roared on the day he died. Why, it did that on the day Dr. Crippen was hung. There's an earthquake in hell every time a lawyer dies, and no one down there pays any attention—but ah, it is idle to dwell here this busy Sunday on the greatest of fairy tales—"

The agnostic beheld two Church of England ministers.

"The dudes of religion—behold them. Fat jowls and paunches, while Jesus had no more home than a fox."

The ministers, smiling, walked away.

"Isn't dignity a wonderful thing?" a woman asked me.

■ "Yes," I answered, "but it's men like this fellow who sway the world. Christ in one way, Mahomet in another, Napoleon, Caesar, all were twisted in some way with egomania and delusions."

"I wonder if you're right." She looked at the doubter.

"Perhaps not," was my reply.

"A year ago he was preachin' hell-fire and damnation," a man standing close to us said.

A bedraggled fellow with a jaw half shot away, leaving the left side of his face sunken, talked to a mixed gathering.

" 'The good King George,' says you, and bloody well good he is to any one of us, says I. Who is it does the dyin' on his fields o' so-called glory? It's you and me and the likes o' fools like you and me." Loud cheers followed.

"I ask you, men, did Ramseye MacDonald want to fight in the war? I sye he didn't. And now he's our Prime *(Continued on page 80)*

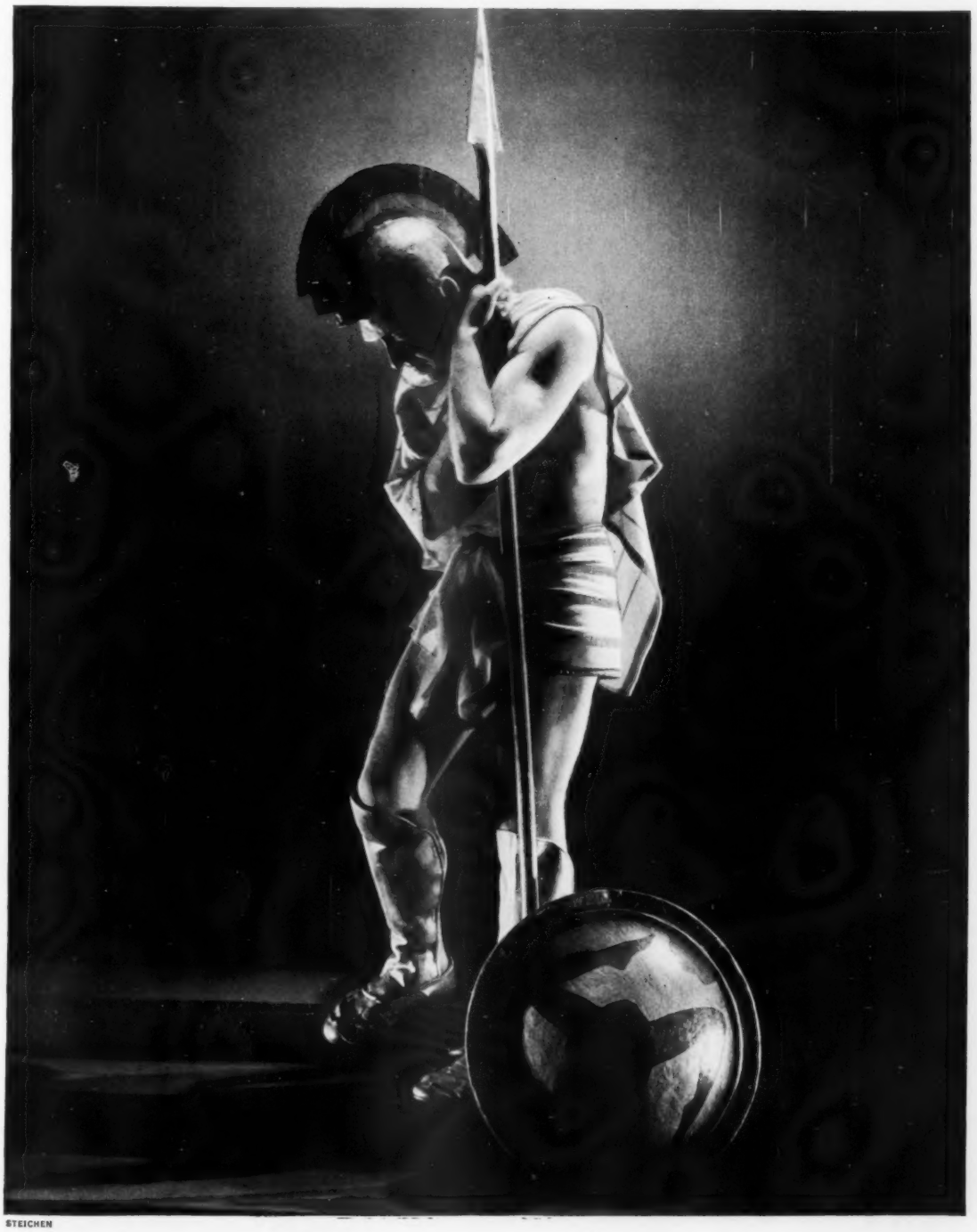
STEICHEN

MIRIAM HOPKINS AS KALONIKA IN "LYSISTRATA"

In "Lysistrata"

Two leading players in the gay and successful play by Aristophanes, now current in New York

▪ The *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes, skilfully adapted to our less formal times by Mr. Gilbert Seldes, is one of those sensational successes that too infrequently come to the theatre. It is a sprightly story of a little band of Grecian women who decline to bestow their favours upon their warrior husbands until they have extorted the promise that there shall be no more war. *Lysistrata*, after a crowded five weeks' engagement in Philadelphia, came to continue its highly entertaining career in New York, with a cast including Violet Kemble Cooper and Hortense Alden, besides Miss Hopkins and Mr. Truex presented on these pages —and with music by Leo Ornstein, and settings by Norman Bel-Geddes



STEICHEN

ERNEST TRUEX AS KINESIAS IN "LYSISTRATA"

M. KNOEDLER & CO.

A record American etching

A notable dry-point by Frank W. Benson marking a peak in his romantic career as a master etcher

▪ One of the very extraordinary careers in contemporary American art has certainly been that of Frank W. Benson, the Boston artist who, in 1915, at the age of fifty-three, was a painter solely, knowing nothing of etching as a medium. But in the fifteen years that have elapsed since then he has become one of the master etchers of the world. The dry-point shown here was made in 1916, the plate of it having been destroyed after an edition of forty-nine had been printed from it. Published originally at only twenty-five dollars, a copy of this dry-point recently fetched the remarkable figure of $1750. Mr. Benson, since 1915, has executed upwards of two hundred and fifty plates of ducks, geese and other game birds

Brothers of the angle

BY COREY FORD

In which a conscientious fisherman offers a few further suggestions for compleating ye angler

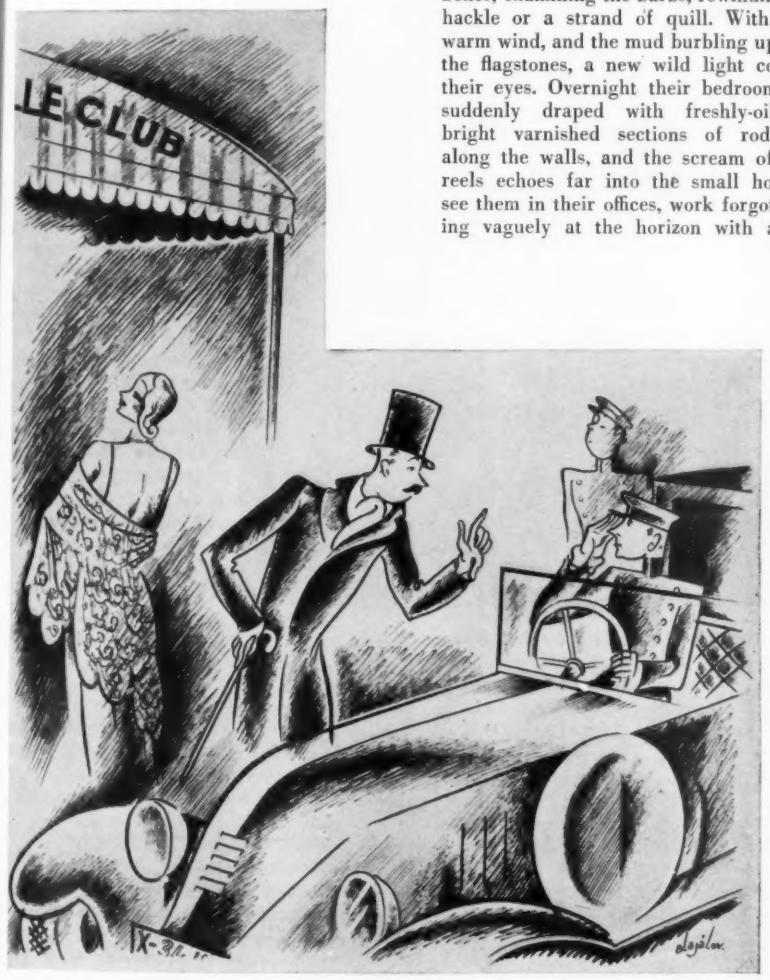
"O' my word, the Trout is perfect in season. Come, I thank you and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the Brothers of the Angle, wheresoever they be. . . ."

—*Izaak Walton*

■ They are a race apart: the dry-fly fishermen. Sometimes they have been bopped upon the forehead by a divine madness. Their eyes have witnessed the apocalyptic vision of a leaping trout; they have seen a rod of split-bamboo come alive in their hands, their ears have heard the singing of a taut line against the current, and the dervish shriek of an inspired reel; they have felt at dusk the benediction of a loaded creel. Upon them has descended the mantle of immortality. They will never be quite the same again.

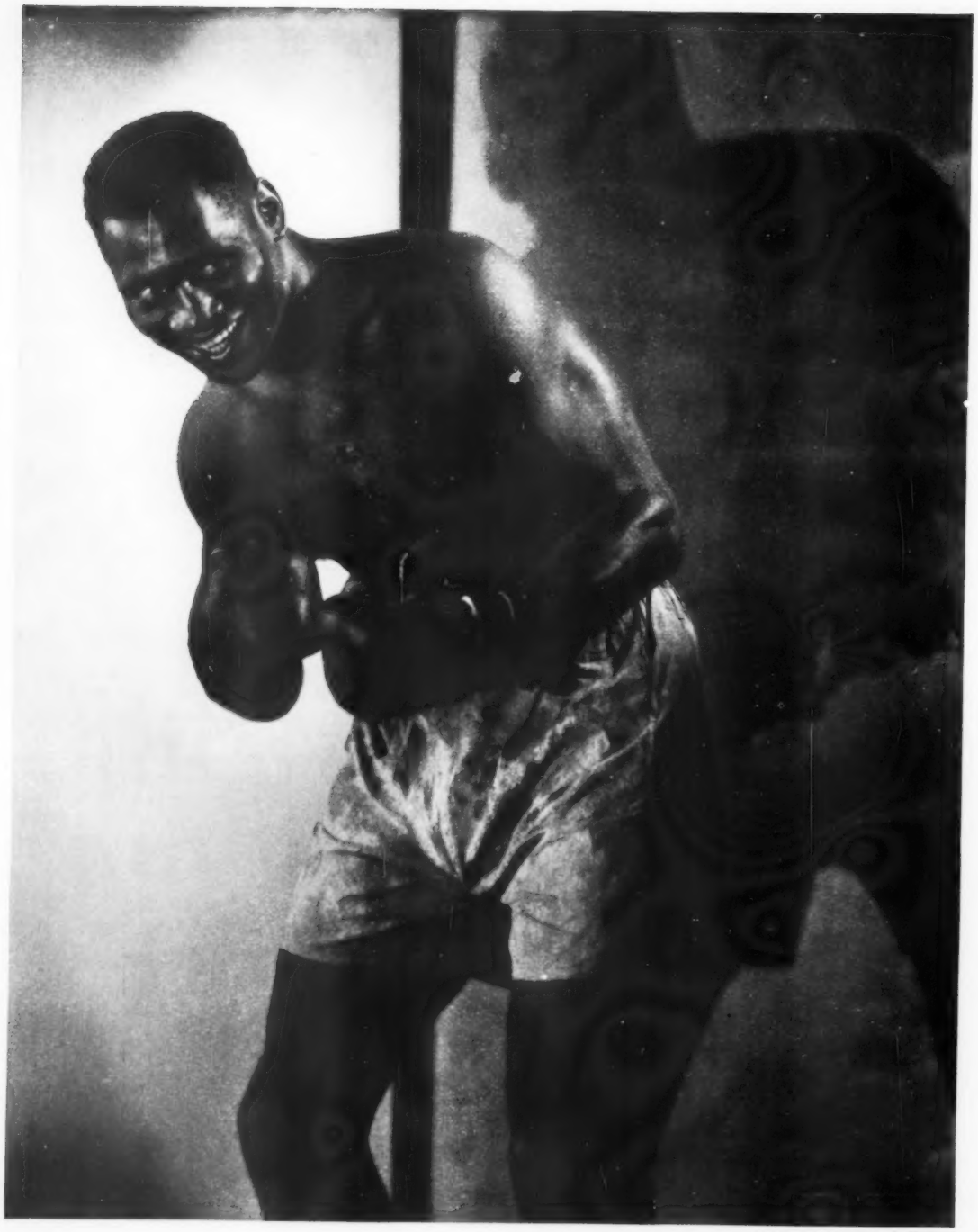
Over the winter, to be sure, they would seem to be sane enough. To all appearances they are merely normal members of society, doctors and lawyers, writers and merchants; there is nothing fanatic in their behaviour; they can discuss business, or motors, or even golf, and act as though their hearts were in it. "Nice fella, Binks," observe their friends, "lot of varied interests." "I'm so glad John can think of something besides fish, fish, fish," murmurs their wife. It is at night that the subtle change steals over them; they finger an old sporting-magazine restlessly; at last they rise with a mumbled excuse and putter upstairs to the attic alone. And there, by the dim religious light of a single candle, they pore in silence over their holy relics—the box of tangled leaders, the empty mucelin bottle, the patched waders, the stained felt-hat sprouting with bright-colored flies—and now and then glance devoutly at the calendar on the wall, where a bright red circle surrounds the date of April 5th like a halo.

You see it more clearly in their faces as spring draws near. Now they tell over last year's flies like a rosary, feverishly sorting and resorting them into mysterious aluminum boxes, examining the barbs, rewinding a loose hackle or a strand of quill. With the first warm wind, and the mud burbling up between the flagstones, a new wild light comes into their eyes. Overnight their bedroom floor is suddenly draped with freshly-oiled line, bright varnished sections of rods dangle along the walls, and the scream of winding reels echoes far into the small hours. You see them in their offices, work forgotten, staring vaguely at the horizon with a curious distracted air, turning the pencil-sharpener dreamily as they wind a distant reel. You see them plodding slowly along Madison Avenue of an afternoon, as though they were wading upstream against the current, playing their walking-sticks in the air with a deft flick of the wrist as they drop an imaginary fly onto a choice eddy in the stream of traffic. You see them halt before Abercrombie's window like a shrine, or mount devoutly to the seventh floor, there to study the contents of the camphor-soaked trays, test a dozen expensive rods that they have no intention of buying, argue with each other in heated monotone, and examine the latest bulletins from the front: "Hear the water's still pretty high in the Aesopus." "The Beaverkill should be right next week." "Ice is just out in Lac Edouard. . . ."



"Two o'clock, Briggs,—you'll find me under the third table at the right."

■ And they are an exclusive order. Their initiation is a long and arduous one; no worm fishermen, women fishermen, or fish hogs need apply. They have their own code, their own signals, their own secret language. Never, for example, call a fisherman's line a "string", never his reel a "pulley" nor his creel a "basket", never, under pain of instant ostracism, his rod a "pole". Never, never remark complacently to a dry-fly angler that you used to be quite a fisherman yourself: "Used to like to go out in a rowboat when I was a kid and catch flounders. I'd just drop a hunk of clam over the side and let it sink. . . ." There is no more similarity between your form of fishing and the art of dry-fly angling than there is between trapping and hunting. Do not urge the advantages of bait-fishing, if you happen to be a golfer, and point out that it seems silly for him to expend so much effort floating a feathered barb when he could get more fish with a worm; for the goaded angler is apt to turn upon you and demand, in all fairness, why you spend so much effort hitting a golf-ball with a metal-tipped club when you could drop it into the hole so much more easily with your fingers. No; if you are not an angler, if you have not felt the divine effulgence, if May and June are just two more months to you, if you can drive over a rumbling bridge without a swift speculative glance at the pools and eddies in the stream below, or pass the window of a tackle *(Continued on page 78)*



STEICHEN

Paul Robeson

A photograph taken in his most recent American rôle, of the Negro actor who will enact Othello

■ Paul Robeson originally studied for the bar and received his degree from Columbia University; but he later abandoned that profession for the concert stage where he rapidly became celebrated in his interpretation of Negro spirituals. His most brilliant performance, as an actor, has been in *Black Boy*, Jim Tully's story of a prize-fighter. This photograph of him shows him as he appeared in that play. It remained however, for England to give this gifted actor a greater rôle, that of *Othello* in Shakespeare's tragedy. His triumph there will undoubtedly be repeated next season in New York as Mr. Jed Harris has promised to produce *Othello*, with Robeson as the Moor and Lillian Gish as *Desdemona*

Talking up—and thinking down

BY CLARE BOOTHE BROKAW

How to be a success in society without saying a single word of much importance at any time

■ Too much has already been written about the dead or dying art of conversation. Drawing room cynics and critics of society assert that the fine art of persiflage and repartee, of making epigrams and *bons mots*, of Pope's "feast of reason and flow of soul" which flourished until Nineteen Hundred in the salons of France and England, received its death blow at the dinner tables of the modern capitals. For this demise, in New York at any rate, many good and plausible reasons are given: the materialism of modern interests, the mad, mechanical pace of the Twentieth Century, and the subsequent dearth of leisure. These same critics (who, like the poor, are always with us) claim that all conversation has deteriorated into the veriest small-talk—talk, in fact, which is not only small but even microscopic.

Nevertheless not even the briefest, the most hurried of theatre party dinners is to be achieved without some exchange of words. This exchange, for want of a better term, is still called conversation. But the difference between it and the conversation of say, fifty years ago, lies in the fact that it is no longer spontaneous, inspired, fortuitous or pleasurably accidental. Nor is it, on the other hand, as it was in the heyday of the continental salons, predetermined, studied or skillfully manoeuvred. This only happens nowadays when a guest who has taken his bath before dining out arrives at the table with a pretty quip on the tip of his tongue because divine inspiration has come upon him in the tub.

Conversation has assumed, one might say, the status of a national game—one with very definite rules, requiring in skill and subtlety something less than ping-pong and more than baseball.

The purpose of the conversational game is to be able to talk freely, and, at length, in a sprightly and voluble manner throughout an entire dinner or, in more gruelling instances, throughout an entire week-end without, by any chance or misapprehension, saying anything which everyone present does not already know. Any infringement of this obligation to reduce conversation to its lowest common denominator, any expression of an original opinion, or the revelation of a hitherto unsuspected fact, is immediately classed as a breach of the rules—a foul blow, as it were, struck below the social belt, the dreadful penalty for which is exclusion from the social ring.

To talk even in monosyllables requires words, and words require a certain amount of ideas, which is where the new art of conversation begins—and ends. Some foreign critics have said this is because the mental equipment or ideational content of the average New Yorker consists of a rather forcibly circumscribed smattering of knowledge about five or six topics.

These topics are, in the order of their importance, golf, the stock market, prohibition, the theatre and a frank discussion of such persons (not present on this occasion) as figure in the social activities of the conversing guests.

■ In more intellectual circles, remarks about modern art (not later than Rodin, however), of modern thought—as personified in the Shaw of *Man and Superman* or Dr. Will Durant, or grand opera, as sung by Jeritza, may occasionally be introduced with safety into the conversation. It is also permissible in these more rarefied milieus to drop a carefully considered word about Hemingway or Brancusi. But with the mention of James Joyce, Proust, Picasso, Antheil, Spengler and Einstein you are completely disqualified, a self branded high-brow, a social pariah. That is, of course, unless you have introduced their names merely to add a little good natured ribaldry to the conversation. But, when you mention them, *smile*.

The cardinal rule to be remembered is that all contemporary conversation must be limned or suggested against a sparkling background of sex. It must be threaded, shot through with naughty implications whose multitudinous off-colours range from a polite pink at the lobster-course to a passionate purple at the grapes. It has been estimated by expert diners-out that nine-tenths of all discourse today deals directly or indirectly with sex. The tenth part should convey, by subtle conversational alchemy, the impression that whereas you are dealing ostensibly with another topic, you are really thinking of sex. If you are able to convey this impression, your conversational batting average will be 1000.

But let us examine more closely these topics which comprise so completely the curriculum of modern converse.

There is, and probably always will be, golf. This comfortable subject may be dwelled on at length—providing always you do not claim to have made two holes in one during your golfing career, or turned in a score under seventy. This would instantly classify you as a man of imagination, and in a society which may relish a charming fairy-tale now and then, any other form of whimsy or fantasy will place you beyond the social pale. Golf, moreover, is sure-fire, since its quaint terminology provides ample opportunities for *double entendre*.

Then there is the stock exchange. Unless you are very close to Mr. Morgan or Mr. Hutton (you probably are: aren't we all?) it is considered an affectation not to vouchsafe a strong opinion on the immediate trend of the market. After this you will be listened to with bated breaths if you launch forth into a protracted and winsomely modest account of how you participated in, or manipulated a pool in International Drawstring, or sold 1000 shares of Associated Vanilla short in a bull market. At this point some unsung philosopher among you will remark that a bear makes money, a bull makes money but a hog never does. At the continued reiteration of Wall Street's bull activities, the conversation can be trusted to take a more delicate turn, and by this time, the finger bowls should arrive, if, indeed, they have not already been brought in.

Prohibition, as a dinner table topic, has been worn somewhat threadbare (except in the suburbs), but if you attack it with sufficiently passionate (although equally threadbare) arguments, emphasizing each debatable point with another draught of Pommery & Greno or Three Star Hennessy, and dramatic pauses, you may nevertheless convey the impression that you are a person of daring intellectual convictions. It is more fashionable nowadays to discuss less weighty phases of Prohibition: your bootlegger, not his prices, but his bank account, his taste in shirts and cravats, and the intimate details of his family life.

■ The theatre has become a rather dubious talking point. Everyone knows that with the advent of the talkies (you must always call them "squawkies", "balkies" or "mawkies") the theatre has completely gone to pot. However, every season provides one scandalous play not yet closed by the police, and you may safely enquire—without breaking any rules of the game—of someone who does not know the answer "How do they get away with it?" You will then, of course, quote a few lines from the play, or repeat a joke from a musical comedy—*Flying High* provides plenty of material this season.

The field of personalities undoubtedly supplies the richest crop of conversational morsels. You must, and this indeed is a fine art, be able to slander, criticize and ridicule mutual friends and acquaintances who are, of course, not present, in such a manner that when the whole delicious mess is reported back to them as it invariably is, you can satisfactorily explain and plausibly deny any derogatory reference attributed to you when cornered for an explanation. Furthermore, at the next dinner you attend you can decry, and libel, your late hostess who caused you acute embarrassment by repeating the remarks you made about her predecessor. If you are a hostess yourself this should cause *(Continued on page 85)*

Funny man

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

A clown's newly acquired virtue proves to be not only its own reward but the public's great loss

■ Tommy told me that I ought to see Hap La Chance. He said he was the funniest man in the world. "If it wasn't for the stuff," said Tommy, "Hap would have been a star on Broadway years ago."

"He drinks," I suggested.

"When did that ever keep an actor off Broadway?" answered Tommy scornfully. "Hap's got Sherlock Holmes' habit only worse."

Before Tommy became a society pianist he worked at Stagger Inn along with Hap La Chance. His rapturous admiration for the comedian left me a little cold. The things which Tommy repeated didn't sound very funny. "It's the way he puts it over," he insisted. "You got to see him."

So we went to the Stagger that same night. It was one flight of stairs up—a long room over a garage. At one end stood the bar and all around the edge were tables. The dance floor was plain unvarnished board and a small portable piano furnished the music. I've seldom seen a more dingy speakeasy. The carpet under the tables was of a sort which you might have spread upon toast with a butter knife.

Hap was performing when we got there. Right away I understood what Tommy meant by saying that the "stuff" had kept him off Broadway. His appearance was shocking. Hap La Chance was an inch or so more than six feet and I doubt if he weighed a hundred and twenty pounds. His face was much whiter than the Stagger's tablecloths. As we came in he was singing a song. The refrain, which indicated the end of each topical verse, ran, "And then my pipe went out." He did it well enough, but this was certainly not the extraordinary performer of whom Tommy had spoken. I wanted to go after the first drink. I like air warmed and aged a little in the wood but the atmosphere doesn't come any thicker than they have it in the Stagger along after midnight on a Saturday.

■ Tommy laid a restraining hand on my shoulder. "Wait till he talks," he urged.

Hap La Chance got up from the piano and leaned against it. He thrust out a long right arm and waved a hand. Instantly, I knew he had something because in that crowded, noisy room even the waiters stopped clattering trays. A moment ago it would not have been possible to hear a girder drop. Even before he spoke Hap fascinated me. I wished that I had been a better boy and had learned to draw with charcoal while in college. Beardsley would have liked to set him down just as he was there in the tobacco fog lounging against the piano.

I can't give you any conception of what his monologue was like. The arresting thing was his terrific, feverish vitality. He was a sort of delirious Will Rogers. But, of course, he wasn't in the least wholesome. The jokes weren't obscene in any way. The drug had burned all earthiness out of him. According to the familiar theatrical classification, Hap La Chance would have been labelled a nut comedian. That's inexact. He saw a reeling world filled with grotesque shapes. At the moment he spoke of evolution, a topic which the newspapers had been giving some belated attention. Hap contended that it was a great pity we all had lost our tails. But for that, he explained, the rail would be on the ceiling and we could hang down to our drinks instead of having to stand up to them. His patter was so fast and furious that I can't remember half the things he said and the material did need the spot and manner. However, while he galloped along I saw the monkey bar and its patrons festooned from the ceiling. He wasn't just being whimsical. He saw it himself with his strangely illuminated eyes.

■ But after all, he said, maybe there was some good in evoluting out of tails. It could be an awful nuisance getting them caught in the doors of taxicabs. He stopped rather abruptly and though Tommy called to him he went quickly out of the room. "He comes on again in about an hour. I guess he has to go and get steamed up," Tommy explained.

I told Tommy that the "funniest man in the world" stuff was somewhat strong, but that Hap seemed to me a curiously moving comedian.

"There's no one like him. It is an amazing talent."

A few months later I asked Tommy how his friend was getting along and he told me that La Chance had disappeared. Nobody knew anything about him. July, as is its custom, came around again next year and Tommy and I were having coffee and cheese blintzes in Joe's Red Room Restaurant. Tommy kept looking at a table near the desk. Finally, he asked me, "Did you ever see that man before?" I looked at the beefy individual he pointed out but it was no one I knew. "This is queer business," said Tommy. "It can't be Hap but it could be his brother. I'm just going to bust right over and ask him."

The big man leaped up when Tommy spoke to him and threw an arm over his shoulder. He patted my little friend so hard that I felt sure his shoulder blades must have rattled. They called me over.

"You remember, Hap La Chance," said Tommy.

But I didn't. Not this one. He looked like the physical director in a "Y". Hap caught my puzzled look. "I guess you must have seen me in the days before I made a man of myself. Mr. Brown, you're a writer, I want you to sit down and listen to my story. I'm sure you'll be interested. You saw me. You know what I was. It went on for eight years and then suddenly in the middle of the night I said to myself, 'Hap, you can lick it.' I went to Canada. I've got two brothers there. They work for a lumber company. Near the camp is a hut where they store things in winter. I got 'em to search me and take all the stuff off me and then lock me in the hut. It's got iron bars on the windows and a big oak door.

"They poked food in at me but for the first three days I couldn't touch it. I broke all the glass out with my bare hands, but I couldn't break the bars or smash the door. In about a week I got to eating and then they took me up to the camp and I chopped trees for three months. The more I see of people, Mr. Brown, the better I like trees. There's nothing like getting out in a forest to find yourself. It was that tree chopping that did it. But of course my dentist helped some when I got back. I'd been neglecting my teeth. No man's body can be clean as long as he has bacteria in his mouth. You can't get away from that. Let me tell you gentlemen, as we sit here I weigh one hundred and ninety-two pounds stripped and my blood pressure is one hundred and twenty-eight. Pretty good for a man of thirty-seven."

"A cup of Postum," he said to the waiter, "and some spinach with a poached egg."

"If people only knew what red meat does to their metabolism, I don't suppose there'd be a stockyard left in the country," Hap said to us.

"Where are you working?" Tommy asked.

"I'm just putting a new act together," answered La Chance. "It ought to be a knockout for clubs and things like that."

"I always thought you'd go big in private work," Tommy assented.

■ "You didn't ever really see me," Hap interrupted. "I'm not going to use any of that foolish stuff I had when I worked at the Stagger. This new act's got some sense to it. You see I pretend that I'm a radio announcer on an exercise program and that it's seven o'clock in the morning. That's the first big laugh. I pretend that all the people at the dinner are in bed and that they must get up and go through their daily dozen. That's the big idea. You know how some people can get the audience to sing with 'em. Well, it's my idea to give 'em the story of my own life and then when they're all excited by it persuade them to lie on the floor and work their legs like they were riding a bicycle. I call the stunt Hap's Health Talk."

Tommy and I exchanged distressed glances. The big man sitting between us had done an extraordinary thing. He had cured himself. It was a complete cure. He wasn't funny any more.

STEICHEN

Gina Malo

A French import with all the charm demanded of a star adds to the outstanding success of "Sons o' Guns"

▪ Gina Malo is a European stage star of distinction, having played the leading rôles in the French versions of *Broadway* and *The New Moon,* and danced on the continent in Copenhagen, Brussels and Spain. When that other volatile importation, Miss Lily Damita announced last spring that she was leaving the cast of *Sons o' Guns* to return to Paris, the producers forthwith brought Miss Malo, in fair exchange, to New York to fill La Damita's high stepping shoes. Although there has been considerable clamour about her since her arrival, some saying that she is really Janet Flynn, formerly of an Albertina Rasch troupe, others claiming that her authentic name is Margaret Durant, the New York audiences that still throng to see *Sons o' Guns* are quite happy to welcome her as Gina Malo, one of the most enticing Gallic importations since Anna Held

The Star Spanglization of Paris

THE UBIQUITOUS MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

■ In those dim, bygone years, when first I rolled down the Grand Boulevards in a horse-hauled *fiacre*, Paris was assuredly not what it is to-day. Its best hotels boasted no central heating system; their elevators moved at a snail's pace; to run a bath took most of an hour; while the conveniences of modern lighting were still in the realm of myth.

Beneath the cafés' awninged *terrasses* men-about-town with Van Dyke beards, in waistcoats buttoned to the collar and long-toed, canary shoes (suggesting the snouts of bilious crocodiles) sat twirling silver-knobbed canes and sipping drinks from towering goblets. For life was then a slow-coursing affair. Minute gracefully piled upon minute and the hours, it seemed, took care of themselves with comparatively small to-do. Haste and pleasure were not on speaking terms.

From the Porte St. Denis to the Boulevard Kellermann, from the Avenue Malakoff to Père Lachaise a bowl of corn flakes or an ice cream soda could not have been bought at any price. Nor were such delicacies as griddle cakes and corned beef hash known to the Gallic palate. In the gardens of the Tuileries, Champs-Élysées, and Bois de Boulogne young France, in bare knees and flat caps with glazed vizors, flung painted diabolo spools in the air, catching them on cords fastened to slim sticks, while the strains of the latest *cancan* came floating through the aromatic air. Belles of the Faubourg St. Germain, in high, flowered bonnets and wasp waists, strolled primly through the Avenue des Acacias. Students in velvet jackets and flowing ties sang over cups of cognac in a gas-lit, jazzless Montmartre. The Café Anglais, prince of gastronomic haunts, served kings in *cabinets particuliers*.

But times and Paris have changed since then. Duels at dawn have vanished with La Ville Lumière of de Maupassant and Remy de Gourmont. Vanished, too, are the days of Clemenceau's and Millerand's indiscretions. Things have been "speeded up". With the advent of the American Bar, matters began to assume a different glint. Naturally there came America's famed bibulous contribution to civilization: the cocktail, along with which, quite as naturally, came more and more Americans. Not merely Americans out to whoop things up, to hit the high spots and paint the town red; nor merely their wives and daughters, itching to spend papa's hard-earned dollars at the popular Patou's, but Americans with an eye for business. Hard-headed, far-seeing Americans intent on "expansion", "service", "efficiency" and "bigger and better" *results*. Ship-loads of them poured in every summer. And soon through the city there bloomed a veritable crop of "improvements" of every known variety. Ford cars swamped the Parisian scene, followed, in turn, by a deluge of other makes of automobiles; the music of hot water radiators broke the silence of hotel rooms; hitherto unheard of dishes graced the restaurant menus; jazz supplanted the waltz and tango; the town, in fine, took on an overseas aspect. What was more, the tradespeople, falling in step, began to dress their shops and show merchandise in a way most fetching to the transatlantic visitor and commodities by the ton were imported to delight his wildest whims. On all sides floated the inevitable stars and stripes; "English (and in many cases 'American') spoken here" became, in other words, a *platitude du jour*.

All of which had, of course, started long before the War. Multiply it by ten and you have a picture of Paris (or at least the tourist's Paris) as it looks in the Year of Our Grace —Nineteen Hundred and Thirty. For gone is the boulevardier, with his curled-brimmed "melon hat" and *glacé* kid gloves, in whose stead we now glimpse a composite type of Harold Lloyd, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Rudy Vallée. College-cut clothes set off his more athletic form and a pair of horn-rimmed specs bedeck his shaven visage, which in numberless cases has cultivated the most perfect Times Square leer.

■ Among smart Parisians it is the fashion to own at least one American car; in footwear the vogue is also American, the last word in collars is from Troy, N. Y.; chewing gum is munched by midinettes, while those who are able to afford U. S. tobaccos, flatly refuse all others. Through the stretches of Montmartre the haunts unknown to the voyager from the

THE CROWDED HOUR AT THE TRAKTIR BAR

CHINESE RESTAURANT IN THE LATIN QUARTER

ris, France

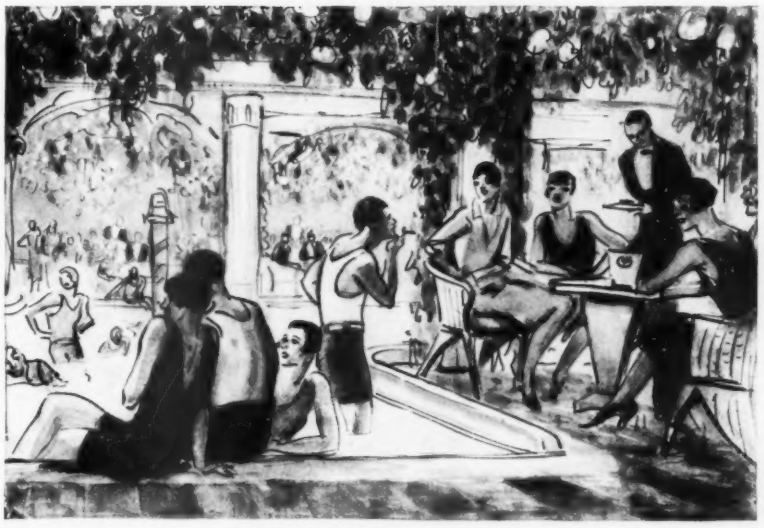
BY CHARLES G. SHAW

west are few, a goodly number of its cabarets being not only directed by Americans but financed by American capital. No music hall bill is without a turn from the States, not to mention the vast bulk of its songs, or the fact that the programmes are all, without exception, printed in English as well as French. It is even the current mode to-day to sound the final letter in Fouquet.

■ At the famed and ancient Tour d'Argent, which lays claim to being Paris's oldest eating house, where noble Frédéric once served the world-relished *canard au sang*, we are now offered *canapé* Clarence Mackay, *filet de sole* Edison, and *poire* Wanamaker. At Le Relais de La Belle Aurore, in the shadowy rue Gomboust, *poulet* Josephine Baker is among the *spécialités*. *Escalope de ris* Henry Ford is yet another *plât* of the Opera section; and at the Butler's Pantry, which gladdens the rue Jules Chaplain, the leading dishes are hamburger steak, liver and bacon, and hot corn muffins. In the historic Cour du Commerce, quondam home of La Belle Gabrielle, beloved by Henri IV, now stands Elsa Lee's, where fried chicken *a la* Maryland, in the good old Southern style, is dished out nightly from six to half past eight. Each month gives birth to another soda fountain; each week blooms a new American bar, complete with brass rail, cracked ice, and Saratoga chips. Be it Florence's, Le Perroquet, Pigalle's, or L'Abbaye, there is no escape from the saxophone's chuckle, the beat of the trap drum, the crash of the cymbals, while down the cobbled streets come drifting the whistled melodies of *Why was I born? What is this thing called Love?* and *Thank your father.*

At the cafés du *(Continued on page 86)*

M. PATOU, DRESSMAKER DE LUXE, ENTERTAINS HIS CLIENTS



COCKTAIL TIME AND AN AFTERNOON DIP AT THE LIDO

THE CAFÉ DE LA ROTONDE IN ARTISTIC MONTPARNASSE

The city by the Seine has been conquered by a horde of bigger and better invaders whose peaceful penetration has its fruits in Gallic soil

DRAWINGS FROM LIFE BY SEM

COURTESY OF J. WALTER THOMPSON

Death takes a holiday

A dramatic moment in the amphitheatre of the Post-Graduate Hospital in New York during an operation

▪ Death takes a holiday—and often an enforced one when the master hand of Dr. John F. Erdmann enters the age-old conflict between life and death. The photograph—by Edward Steichen, in the tradition of Rembrandt, who had a decided interest in surgery, as his works attest—shows Dr. Erdmann at work while grouped above are other surgeons who hope to add to their own skill by studying his methods

The two queens

BY D. S. FAIRCHILD

■ The *Brasserie* was crowded with people having lunches with their beer. The countess tightened the leash on her imperceptible husband and came to anchor in the middle of the inner dining room. For a moment her dark eyes glared at random, then they settled in concentrated fire upon a meek English gentleman eating cheese at a table for two.

"I will be seated there," she said, moving closer so that her glare had only to drop in a wide descending curve over her bosom in order to pierce the gentleman and his cheese.

"Immediately, *Madame la comtesse*," oozed the fair fat head-waiter. "The table is almost empty. Monsieur has finished with his cheese."

The mild man came to the conclusion he *had* finished and paid his bill. Then he fled, while his waiter pursued him, attempting to stuff him en route into his overcoat. The countess throned herself. Her husband (and title) also sat. All the American diners wondered who she was; the continentals discussed her past in whispers.

"Mussels, a bit of filet, fried potatoes and beer," repeated the head-waiter after her. "Followed by a tart. *And* green peas for *M. le comte*." He smiled, and she did not. He left, and the countess began to undress.

First she lifted a spotted veil and exposed her leathery full-fledged face. It was crowned by a prim bang, punctuated left and right by pearl earrings, and segmented by a firm, good-humoured mouth. Next she took a fur piece off and allowed a pearl choker to reveal itself. . . . Her third gesture cast open her coat and spread out a purple lace scarf to relieve the otherwise black costume. Finally she picked up a napkin and waved it about until it unfolded of itself and settled triangularly upon her bosom. Her husband, who was of a fatigued yellow colour, had meanwhile taken off his gloves and folded them into a pocket, and placed his Homburg hat gently beneath his chair. Now he folded his hands.

■ Food came to the countess and she ate it in peace. The only notice she took of the onlookers was shown by the narrow deprecating smile she permitted herself while sucking the inhabitant out of each mussel shell. Some time passed.

All of a sudden it became apparent the waiters had gone away in a body. Only the fat fair major domo remained, revolving wistfully in the middle of the room. Then he began to beam. A commotion in the outer room. Voices raised in acclaim. A deep brassy voice in benediction. Then a greater commotion precipitated into the back room a gigantic female clad in a *(Continued on page 76)*

Child prodigies

Variation on an old nightmare, presenting our own little wonders, virtuosos and worse

"WEE WILLIE WINKLE" BEEBE

TEDDY ("SCOOTER") DREISER

BABY BEE LILLIE AND YOUNG WILL HAYS

MRS. TULLY'S LITTLE BOY

GEORGIE ("PORGIE") BERNARD SHAW

MASTER HEYWOOD BROUN

■ With the stage, screen and radio becoming increasingly infested with child prodigies of violin, piano, literature and chess-playing, *Vanity Fair* always on the alert, introduces on this page a few prodigies of its own. So here, jaded reader, is a patter of little feet that *is* a patter of little feet!

At the top of the page is Master William ("Wee Willie Winkle") Beebe, the boy winkle-magnet, to whose busy net a million winkles and one walrus have already succumbed. Next is little Teddy Dreiser, the only child in America who can write 500,000 sentences without one predicate. Beattie Lillie, baby film starlet, and her playmate, young Will Hays, are snapped on the California sands, while Master Jim Tully—a slightly burnt child who loves the fire—is shown putting his foot into a pail because nobody wants him to put his foot into a pail. The mite in the swing is Georgie ("Porgie") Bernard Shaw, who is about to abandon this pastime for his favorite sport of sliding down the cellar door into the Theatre Guild; and finally young Broun, posing in informal attire before reciting that lovely verse, dedicated to himself, *The Deep-Tangled Heywood*

Charlot

BY DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

CHARLES CHAPLIN BY THE AUTHOR

■ He is the easiest man in the world to know but nobody knows him—perhaps because of that fact. He has many eccentricities—a reaction from the days when, as an ambitious artist, he yearned for something he couldn't have and then found, overnight, the world in his grasp. He is a man who has dreamed, and because his dreams came true they embittered him. He is a very vain man and an extremely jealous one. He is selfish beyond all tolerance and yet with all his faults there stands predominantly the frail, majestic figure of a man who might have made history had he not thought too much about doing so.

Even with a knowledge of all of Charlie's frailties, it is impossible, on knowing the man, to dislike him. His ego is entirely impersonal and his attitude at all times is one of ingratiating friendliness and amiability. He is a charming conversationalist and is always interesting. He will sit up all night to discuss a subject about which he knows little or nothing and leaves his listeners convinced of an amazing and vital intellect.

Charlie is intellectual without being intelligent. He thinks with astounding rapidity. He enjoys being thought "different" and is an inoffensive *poseur*. He has educated himself with a smattering of the best in literature and discusses with authority great writers about whom he has, nevertheless, an imperfect knowledge. He is at heart a rebel to society, yet insists on living within its bounds.

He is an iconoclast and believes in nothing but himself. He likes to have people comment on his physical likeness to Napoleon. He loves flattery and yet is outwardly shy of people. He is undeniably all artist from his head to his toes. He likes everyone to agree with him and because of his winning personality one is inclined to accede rather than offend him. He loves children and is immensely sentimental, but immediately upon showing any affectionate emotion he will hurriedly make excuses for himself and joke about it. He analyzes every question from a scientific point of view and refuses to accept the equality of women.

He is the first to laugh at his own deficiencies. He has no sense of financial values. He takes a childish delight in showing off and is an inspired parlour entertainer. His character studies and mimicries are universally known. He would love to be tall and muscular but, even though his physique is small, he can put up a man-sized battle against the largest.

He has tiny feet and his hands are almost effeminate; he uses them beautifully. He has an inherent grace about everything he does. He loves to monopolize a conversation. He is, at heart, a faithful but an erratic and not always reliable friend. He is an indomitable worker but cannot work under adverse mental conditions. He is highly sensitive and is easily offended. He dreads getting old and looks with terror at the grey hairs that are already plentiful in his late thirties. He likes to brood alone. He takes long walks and runs every morning before breakfast. He *(Continued on page 74)*

Reading, the new vice

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

■ I believe that the level of culture in America and Europe can be raised to something approaching the pitch at which it stood among the Greeks at the time of Pericles. But the means I would employ to achieve this end are precisely the opposite of those which educators and intellectual uplifters usually suggest. They would multiply reading-matter and cheapen print, I would restrict the first by the simple expedient of making the second prohibitively expensive. A tax of four or five thousand percent on paper, imposed simultaneously by international agreement, in every country of the world, would do more, I am convinced, for the popularization of culture than any number of libraries and cheap editions, encyclopedias and anthologies.

Culture is not derived from the reading of *books*—but from the thorough and intensive reading of *good* books. Now, the cheapening of print has everywhere resulted in the wholesale production of inferior reading matter and the formation, among almost the whole of educated humanity, of a habit of superficial and inattentive reading. It follows that any large increase in the demand for reading-matter can only be met by an increase in the supply of bad writing. Confronted by reading matter which is not trivial, or unimportant, the hardened (or rather softened) reader of magazines and newspapers either skims superficially across the pages, treating sense and significance as he has always treated nonsense and triviality, or else turns away in disgust and fear from a kind of writing which demands from him, as good writing always demands from its readers, that he shall make an effort to follow and understand, that he shall actively use his intelligence and imagination. I have called our habit of reading too much, and reading nonsense, a vice. And a vice it really is, strictly comparable to the vice of taking morphia. Reading—the reading of newspapers, magazines and fiction—is our universal opiate and deadener. We read, not to stimulate ourselves to think, but to prevent ourselves from thinking; not to enrich our souls, but to kill time and bemuse awareness; not for the sake of being fully alive, but in order to be less vitally conscious of the surrounding reality. Cheap printing has flooded the world with a respectable substitute for alcohol and cocaine. Reading which should be the food of the soul has been degraded into a spiritual drug. If politicians had any sense, they would add newspapers and magazines to the list of degrading intoxicants, the traffic in which should be forbidden or at least strictly controlled.

My own suggestion provides, I venture to believe, the simplest, perhaps the only solution of the problem. A four or five thousand per cent tax on paper, universally imposed, would have the following beneficent results. It would put a stop to the spiritual drug habit and retransform reading from a dangerous and degrading intoxicant into a valuable food of the soul. It would make the masses take an interest in the best that has been thought or said and would tend to raise the level of culture throughout the world.

The immediate effect of a four or five thousand percent tax on paper would be to drive practically all periodicals out of circulation. A daily newspaper of the size now considered indispensable would cost about a dollar or its equivalent in other currencies. Very few customers would buy at this price and the proprietors would be driven either to suspend publication altogether, or else, if they wanted to go on selling their *(Continued on page 76)*

My gentle readers

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

How an author can gauge his popularity by carefully studying the contents of his fan-mail

• I have often felt a little sorry for writers like Cicero or Diogenes Laertius or, for the matter of that, Pliny the Elder, who operated in the days before the post-office came into existence. They could never tell for certain when they had pushed their stuff across and made a solid hit with the great public. For, as everybody knows, an author's success can be estimated by the number of letters he receives from readers. It is the acid test.

Pliny, of course, had a few old school friends who thought he was a wonder—or, at any rate, told him so when they had made quite sure that he was going to pay for the last round of Falernian wine: and sometimes a kindly Senator would pat Cicero on the shoulder in the Campus Martius and say "Stick at it, boy. You're doing fine!" But, looking at the thing in a broad way, they were simply working in the dark, and it must have been discouraging for them.

There is no point on which your modern author is more touchy than this business of testimonials from the public. You will see Galsworthy stroll up to Kipling in the club and yawn with an ill-assumed carelessness.

"You don't happen to know of a good secretary, do you, Rud?" he says. "I have been caught short, confound it. Mine has just got typist's cramp, answering letters from admirers of my books, and more pouring in by every post."

"John," says Kipling, "you know me. If I could help you, I would do it like a shot. But I'm in just the same fix myself. Both my secretaries collapsed this morning and are in the hospital with ice-packs on their heads. I've never known the fan-mail heavier."

"Look here," says Galsworthy abruptly, "How many fan-letters did you get last week?"

"How many did you?" says Kipling.

"I asked you first," says Galsworthy, and they part on bad terms.

And, over in a corner, Arnold Bennett rising and walking away in a marked manner from H. G. Wells.

P. & A.

A NEW WORK BY KOLBE

• As far as I, personally, am concerned, if I am to submit to this test, I should describe myself as a sort of fair-to-medium,—not, on the one hand, a definite wam and yet not, on the other, a total bust. Something about halfway in between. The books which I write seem to appeal to a rather specialized public. Invalids like me. So do convicts. And I am all right with the dog-stealers. As regards Obuasie, I am not so sure.

From Obuasie (wherever that is) there arrived a short while ago the following letter, rather flatteringly addressed to "P. G. Wodehouse, England":—

> Dear Sir,
>
> I have heard your name and address highly have been recommended to me by a certain friend of mine that you are the best merchant in your city London. So I want you to send me one of your best catalogue and I am ready to deal with you until I shall go into the grave.
>
> Soon as possible send me early
>
> I remain, yours very good trully

Now, it is difficult to know just what to make of a letter like that. At first glance, of course, it would seem as if I had clicked in Obuasie on rather an impressive scale. But there is also the possibility that some mistake or confusion has arisen. If I get my publishers to flood Obuasie with my books, will they command a ready sale, or is Obuasie under the impression that I deal in something quite different from veritable masterpieces of absorbing fiction? Misunderstandings so easily occur at a distance. You remember the story of the traveller in cement docks, who would often rush halfway across the world on hearing that there was a demand for his wares in Pernambuco or Spitzbergen, only to discover, after he had dragged his bag of samples all that weary way, that what the natives really wanted was not docks but socks.

Better, perhaps, to stick to the invalids and convicts who, with the dog-stealers, surely make up a public quite large enough for any author who is not utterly obsessed by the lust for gold.

My popularity with invalids puts me in something of a quandary. Naturally, I like my stories to be read as widely as possible: but, kind-hearted by nature, I do not feel altogether happy when I think that some form of wasting sickness is an essential preliminary to their perusal. And such seems to be the case.

I can understand it, of course. You know how it is. When you are fit and strong and full of yeast and all that sort of thing, you go about with your chin up and your chest out, without a single morbid tendency. "I feel great!" you say. "So why should I deliberately take the sunshine out of life by reading Wodehouse?" And you don't.

So far, so good. But comes a day when the old temperature begins to mount, the tonsils to ache and dark spots to float before the eyes. Then, somehow or other, you find one of my books by your bedside, and a week later you are writing me to the following effect:—

> Dear Sir,
>
> I have never read anything of yours before, as I have always enjoyed robust health from a boy. But recently, owing to drinking unfiltered water, I became covered with pink spots and my brain-power was temporarily affected. A friend lent me your latest story, and I read it with great enjoyment. Kindly send me your photograph and autographed copies of all your other books.
>
> Thanking you in anticipation
>
> I remain, yours truly

• You see the dilemma this places me in? On the one hand, I am rejoiced that the sufferer is now convalescent. On the other, I feel that until he contracts some other ailment I have lost a reader.

But, you will say, why bother about the invalids if the heart of the dog-stealers remains sound? And here I am faced by a somewhat embarrassing confession. When I said I was read by dog-stealers, I was swanking. It is not dog-stealers who enjoy my work, but a (one) solitary dog-stealer and—a galling thought—a rotten dog-stealer, at that, for he specifically admits to having been arrested. And, further, his *(Continued on page 74)*

BENDER

Georg Kolbe

A new portrait of the important German artist in his Berlin studio, author of all he surveys

• One of the most lithe and vigorous creative forces in the world of sculpture today is the German, Georg Kolbe, pictured here in his studio, a spare little man with the face of an intelligent executive, and an artist, like his compatriot Thomas Mann, who is keenly sensitive to the responsibilities of the artist. But his age is contradicted by the fact of his spokesmanship for the New German temperament, utterly unTeutonic in all that the overtones of the word imply. His work does not suffer in force and meaning from being notable also for its grace. In Kolbe the German idealism is freed of its traditional static pomposity and achieves a purity and suppleness of expression that have gained for it an international acceptance. The importance of this new mood in German art and the importance of Kolbe's contribution to it cannot be exaggerated. His first one-man show in America, which was held at the Weyhe Galleries in New York this year, introduced a sculptor of the first consequence in Europe and created for him a definite American following

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame

ERIDOR

PAUL HINDEMITH

BARNABA

ELINOR SMITH

MONROE

MRS. CHARLES SABIN

WILLIAM VALENTINER

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

HENRY LUCE

because:

■ **PAUL HINDEMITH** is the leader of atonal music in Germany; because his string-music focussed upon him the attention of European critics; because his music has since become a cause of discussion among audiences everywhere; because he founded the famous Hindemith Quartet; and finally because the great success of his latest opera *Cardillac* established him in the front ranks of German composers

■ **ELINOR SMITH**, at eighteen, holds the woman's altitude flying record; because she is one of the few women in the world who can boast a pilot's transport license; because she made her first flight at the age of eight with Bert Acosta; because on a long flight she suffers from air sickness, even as you and I; and last but not least because she has materially furthered the cause of aviation in America

■ **MRS. CHARLES SABIN** is a former Republican Committee woman for the State of New York; because she is now Chairwoman of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform; because she is a recognized authority on interior decoration and is consultant decorator of the new Waldorf-Astoria; and lastly, because she firmly believes that holding a job insures a women's happiness and health

■ **WILLIAM VALENTINER** was long a force at the Metropolitan Museum; because his books on Art have been varied, authoritative and interesting; because he is a discriminating collector; because he recently brought together, at the Detroit Institute of Arts, the most complete exhibition of Rembrandts ever assembled in America; and finally because this bust of him is by Georg Kolbe

■ **HENRY LUCE** originated the Newsmagazine idea; because at the age of thirty-two he is the successful editor and publisher of *Time* and *Fortune* magazines; because he was born in China; because he was once a humble newspaper reporter on the *Chicago Daily News;* and lastly because he claims that he has no other interests outside of his work, and that this work fills his waking hours

We Nominate for Oblivion

P. & A.

DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND

P. & A.

MRS. LOWELL F. HOBART

P. & A.

ELINOR GLYN

P. & A.

FRANCIS SCOTT MCBRIDE

because:

■ **DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND,** as one of New York's two United States Senators has unwearyingly remained a round and cheerful cipher; because he has "never done a foolish thing (politically) and never said a wise one"; because he just wants to please everyone, and survives by doing the big boys little favors; because he is the eternal ungildable lily, the archetype of the political job-holder

■ **MRS. LOWELL F. HOBART,** as President General of the D. A. R., has allowed that estimable organization to indulge in political pretensions which sound like the nationalistic screamings of a blood-thirsty lady eagle; because under her belligerent leadership the Daughters are Tories whose prejudices would have horrified the splendid Ancestors who made their Descendants eligible

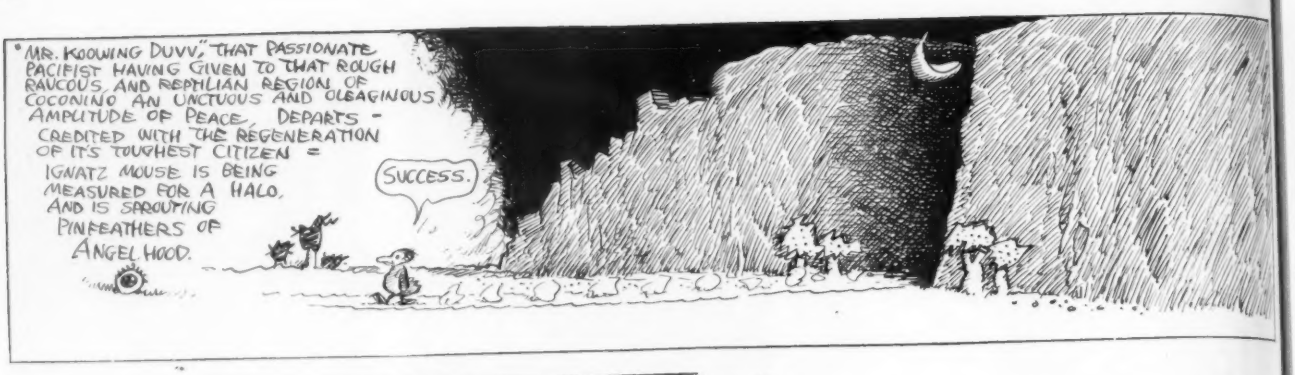
■ **FRANCIS SCOTT MCBRIDE** is the embattled general of the Anti-Saloon League of America; because he employs the morality of a Spanish Inquisitor, and the methods of an American go-getter; because he told the Senate Lobby Committee that "the Anti-Saloon League was born of God",—at a prayer meeting—"is led by Him and will fight on as long as He leads"

■ **ELINOR GLYN** is the passionate heart and great brain who bestowed upon the word "It" a new and far-reaching significance; because *Three Weeks* started a saccharine and untrue school of literature that seems to be unquenchable; because her novels are best sellers; because she has made thousands of otherwise useful members of society conscious of a sex-appeal which they do not possess

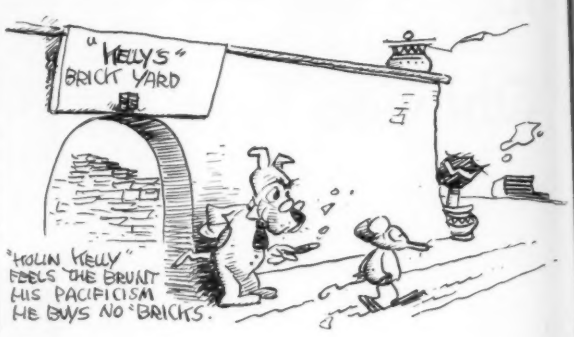
■ **JAMES J. CANNON JR.,** Bishop of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, is a splendid example of the man-who-is-always-right caught exquisitely short; because he broke down before a church investigation of his bucket-shop speculations on margin, did a Prodigal Son in the nick of time, and got a great big hand; and because he did not break down before the Senate Lobby Committee

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

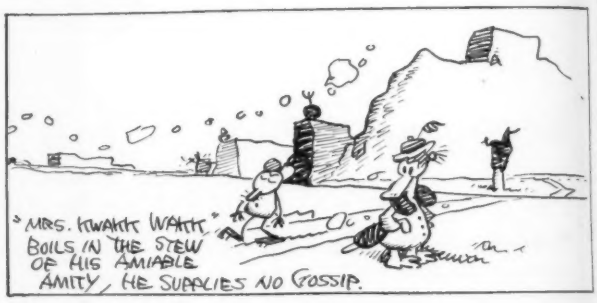
JAMES J. CANNON JR.


"MR. KOOWING DUVV," THAT PASSIONATE PACIFIST HAVING GIVEN TO THAT ROUGH RAUCOUS, AND REPTILIAN REGION OF COCONINO AN UNCTUOUS AND OLEAGINOUS AMPLITUDE OF PEACE, DEPARTS - CREDITED WITH THE REGENERATION OF ITS TOUGHEST CITIZEN = IGNATZ MOUSE IS BEING MEASURED FOR A HALO, AND IS SPROUTING PINFEATHERS OF ANGEL HOOD.
SUCCESS.

"KRAZY KAT" IS SMITTEN BY THE STING OF HIS CALM HE TOSSES NO "BRICKS"


"KELLY'S" BRICK YARD
"KOLIN KELLY" FEELS THE BRUNT HIS PACIFICISM HE BUYS NO "BRICKS."

JAIL
OFFICER PUPP ACHES WITH THE INERTIA OF HIS TRANQUILITY, HE FILL NO KLINK.


"MRS. KWAKKI WAKKI" BOILS IN THE STEW OF HIS AMIABLE AMITY, HE SUPPLIES NO GOSSIP.

IT'S THAT "DOVE" WHO STARTED IT — IT'S HIS FAULT

MY FAULT ?
YES, YOUR FAULT !!!

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT !!!
MY FAULT ?
POW
ZIP

YES, YOUR FAULT !!!

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT !!!
HOO-RAY !!!
POW
ZIP
HERRIMAN

Psychology in Contract Bridge

BY SHERMAN STEARNS

Thoughts on a new method of bidding Bridge hands: a theory based on simple principles of psychology

• The great difficulty with most bridge players is that they are usually so completely book-taught and teacher-taught that they become inflexible and lacking in what I might call the psychic quality. They know the rules of bidding; they can estimate their quick tricks; they know the correct leads, and finesses, and can keep track of the lower cards. Indeed many of them play their cards extremely well—almost like experts. But there is a singular mystery about them—they seldom manage to "bring home the bacon".

Some of them, of course, are frequent winners because they very often play with less expert players, but, if you will consider the really fine bridge players of America—(or of Poland, Greece, Turkey, and Italy—four countries that manage to produce superlatively great experts) you will find that with hardly an exception the big winners among them are those who, besides playing their cards well, possess a curious intuition or psychic quality. They use their imaginations, apply principles of psychology, deceive their adversaries and, somehow or other, manage to bring off remarkable coups and dramatic dénouments. To watch such players is an inspiration. To sit back of an average, conventional "rule" player is a bore, but to follow the play of a good "psychic" player is a treat of the first order.

• I see signs that "psychic" bridge may presently come into its own and that our hide-bound, book-taught players will be tempted to step out of their restrictive conventions, soar into the realms of imagination and (even at the risk of an occasional tail-spin) set a new record in the matter of their bridge winnings. Parenthetically, it might be said here that it is often wise for players of this type to begin their sessions of bridge —when playing with a new group of players —by announcing that they are quite erratic bidders and inclined to bid a little freely. This will serve to warn their partners to be wary, and also to put their adversaries off their guard.

The chief obstacle in the way of a psychic player is due to the fact that Contract partners seem so often to be composed of wood and ivory, in equal parts. They are so lacking in imagination, poker sense and "flair", that they *will* not see anything but the thirteen cards in their own hand.

For instance, playing at a card club in New York, I recently had a partner who achieved quite a little masterpiece in wood and ivory. I had a very strong club hand, but, on my original bid, first made a "psychic" bid of one heart, being void of hearts and having in mind an ultimate bid of four or five clubs. After my heart bid, my left hand adversary put in a bid of one no-trump. My partner, with five hearts to the ace queen, bid three hearts which was doubled on my right. I then bid four clubs, which was doubled on my left. My partner, holding three clubs to the king, went to four hearts. He never stopped to consider, then or later on, that I could not possibly have a heart bid with his heart holding and the no-trump bid on my left. To cut the tragic story short, I was finally forced to bid a grand slam in clubs (over my partner's repeated heart bids and his final bid of small slam in hearts). I was doubled and went down three tricks, when we had a "lay-down" game and rubber at four clubs doubled. And, mark you, my partner was not at all a bad bridge player. In fact he ranked as a really good player, but he was merely a good "book" player of the conventional sort.

• It takes not only a good player but an *imaginative* player to realize that there is something else in Contract than counting quick tricks and telling your adversaries, by your bids, exactly what cards you hold in your hand. But the above incident will show you that, before introducing psychic bidding into your circle of friends, or your card club, you had better be sure that your partners have a little intuition and imagination—qualities which, unfortunately, exist in comparatively few players.

Bridge is undoubtedly one of the most scientific games ever invented. Its possibilities and intricacies are not yet entirely known but, for those experts who have attained a certain proficiency and can obtain the maximum number of tricks by good play, the chief fascination of the game lies in those bids and plays that require a high order of imagination and an understanding of the opponents' psychology.

Unfortunately, most bridge players have a common failing: they over-rate their own game. The poor players do not realize how badly they play: the good players consider themselves experts. Each expert thinks he has an edge on the others. Unlike golf there is no par, so that a bridge player can always blame his luck, or his partner, for losses and bad results. But, like golf and all other games, in order to improve at bridge one must play continually with *better* players.

In almost every town in the country we can find men who consider themselves among the world's greatest players. In reality they would have as much chance against expert players as an average golfer would have against Bobby Jones on the links. The author of this article does not believe in good luck or bad luck at bridge. He believes that, in a thousand hands, the cards will not vary more than five per cent either way.

As bridge is a game of skill, the expert's game ought to change according to the ability of his adversaries. What may be a good hand held against poor players will be a mediocre one against experts. Playing with second raters the expert should need only thirty per-cent of the high cards to win, whereas, against experts, he must hold fifty per cent, as the defense will be so excellent that he could seldom pick up a trick in the play, and would be forced to bid the maximum on every close hand. Everyone can play big hands—very few can play bad ones. The expert invariably gets the maximum result on his big hands, but his hardest problem—being generally a strong bidder—is to lose the minimum on his poor ones. But what a pleasure, and what a swing of fortune, if a losing hand can be turned into a winning one.

In Auction Bridge psychic bids can be made without much danger but in Contract they should be limited to those occasions when they can be made with a reasonably safe escape in sight as the penalties are too severe in case your partners take you too seriously.

The principal psychics possible in Contract are, first, the informatory double—when non-vulnerable—made with a weak distributional hand and used as a means to scare the opponents into stopping short of a game, or slam, bid. Secondly, the bidding of a void suit or of a singleton—usually made under the protection of an advanced score. Thirdly, the persistent bidding of no trumps over an opponent's suit bid, with support for your partner's suit should you be doubled. In all these cases it is best to be non-vulnerable for, should you be left in, it costs only fifty points a trick to save game; and the opponents, if they get the bid, will take the finesses the wrong way.

• Here is an interesting example of a psychic bid in a recent game at the Cavendish Club in New York—a case of fine defense bidding *(Continued on page 68)*

PEACE IN KOKONINO

One more tragedy in the career of Krazy Kat, as drawn by his originator, the popular American artist, George Herriman

MORTIMER OFFNER

Alexander Kirkland

The young actor who will play the leading rôle in "Marius", a new play by Marcel Pagnol

■ When the Theatre Guild produced that curiously unnerving play, *Wings Over Europe*, Alexander Kirkland achieved his first definite success in the tragic rôle of the boy who was to destroy the world. Last season he again appeared with the Guild, in its production of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*. Mr Kirkland is one of the theatre's youngest actor-managers, through his connection with the Berkshire Playhouse in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to which he regularly devotes his summers; and it is at the end of his present season there that his services will be loaned to Mr. Gilbert Miller for the rôle of the waterfront dreamer in *Marius*, a play which has been popular in Paris and is now adapted from the French of Marcel Pagnol, whose *Topaze* was one of last year's sturdier successes

Balancing the books

BY JOHN RIDDELL

Wherein an aged reviewer mounts his crutches to hobble in the wake of the parade of new books

■ There is a hopeless feeling which creeps over the conscientious book reviewer who has let several months slide without reviewing any books at all. So many moons have flowed under the bridge, so many new books have come and gone, that it seems impossible for him ever to catch up with Modern Literature again. Apparently he is destined henceforth to hobble along on his crutches far in the wake of the publishing parade, now and then cupping his feeble ears to catch the distant strains of the band, now and then shouting pathetically to the advancing lists to wait up for him just a little bit.

That was the way this grizzled reviewer was beginning to feel, for example. Mr. Riddell, as far as he recalls, reviewed his last book just before the battle of Antietam; and since then he has enjoyed an involuntary sabbatical, due primarily to the complete lack of reviewing space in the rear section of *Vanity Fair*. And in the meantime, books and more books have mounted on his desk in an ever-increasing pile, tottering higher and higher and occasionally toppling over onto the office floor in great drifts of brown paper parcels. New volumes have flowered, new bright and shiny faces have popped over the publishing horizon, the problem of dollar books has arisen and is being thrashed out. After all these months, so Mr. Riddell sighed to himself, the publishing business must surely have progressed so far that he would never be able to catch up with it again.

■ It was in this unhappy frame of mind, feeling a little dejected and out of it all, that Mr. Riddell chanced to pick up the Baker and Taylor list of national best-sellers for the month. His aged eyes bedimmed with tears, this tattered Rip Van Winkle leaned on his rusted musket and glanced down the titles of the ten current non-fiction books most popular with the American public. And this is what he saw:

1. I'LL TELL YOU WHY by Chic Sale
2. THE STRANGE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING by Gaston B. Means
3. ALL ABOUT AMOS 'N' ANDY by Charles Correll and Freeman S. Gosden
4. BYRON by André Maurois
5. THE SPECIALIST by Chic Sale
6. THE CHRIST OF EVERY ROAD by E. Stanley Jones
7. THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK NO. 17
8. IS SEX NECESSARY? by Thurber and White
9. THE ART OF THINKING by Ernest Dimnet
10. SLEEP by Donald A. Laird and Charles G. Muller

And with a sigh of relief, Mr. Riddell realized that the good old book business had not progressed an inch since he left it a year ago.

Not that the past season has produced nothing but tripe. To be sure, the evidence in the above list would seem to point strongly that way; but here and there, amid the grey waste of contemporary American letters, one or two really fine and worthy volumes have occurred, almost accidentally, it seems, throwing back a hopeful glint of sunlight like the neck of a broken bottle lost in a heap of rubbish. A few of these books Mr. Riddell wants to mention here.

For this department, may he urge once again, has never entertained any serious pretentions of being a comprehensive summary of contemporary literature. Mr. Riddell has long since abandoned that field to the *Sunday Book Review Section* of *The New York Times*. What he attempts here (when space allows) is merely a statement of some of his likes and some of his dislikes, selected at random from the current lists; and the value of this section, if it has any value at all, is to communicate to those readers whose taste happens to coincide with Mr. Riddell's a little of his own enthusiasm for certain latter-day books that he has liked.

First and foremost among these is *American* by Plenty-Coups, Chief of the Crow Indians, as told to Frank B. Linderman (*John Day*). Here is a book that shook me right down to rock bottom: a beautiful and important and memorable job. It is the authentic—authentic, or I'll eat *The Cradle of the Deep* at high noon in Macy's window—history of the plains Indians, told in sign language as an autobiography to the white author, Mr. Linderman, by Chief Plenty-Coups, the only legitimate chieftain still living who knew the old customs of the tribes. This book, I believe, is the only thing of its kind in existence, and as such it should be of tremendous historical importance; but transcending this intrinsic value are its great and permanent beauty, the simple music of its prose, the mingled quality of innocence and dignity and sad resignation that makes it, for me, one of the most moving and majestic sagas of a great people that I have ever read. It is superbly translated by Frank Linderman, superbly illustrated with black-and-whites by the graceful pen of H. M. Stoops; and if it does not receive the Pulitzer Prize next year, then that is the committee's fault. There will not be another volume like it for many, many moons.

And if any American, reading Chief Plenty-Coups' last words, can still hold his head high, he is thicker-skinned than I. The elderly statesman's story breaks off abruptly; he refuses to speak of his life after the passing of the buffalo. "When the buffalo went away," he said, when urged to go on, "the hearts of my people fell to the ground, and they could not lift them up again. After this nothing happened. There was little singing anywhere." Here is the swan-song of a great race.

Likewise out of the West, likewise a grand book though of a very different stamp, is the rousing, snorting, hard-riding yarn of a cowboy, *The Last Rustler*, the autobiography of Lee Sage (*Little Brown*). A hundred Wild West movies could not be so thrilling. There have been ugly doubts raised of its complete authenticity; I, too, like my travel books true, but I should no more criticise this one for prevarication than I should stop a yarn drawled across a camp-fire in Wyoming. In the final sense, this book is completely true; it has the genuine tang, the rare feeling for adventure and excitement, behind it all a hard-headed and honest philosophy of the cow-country which could only come from experience. I loved this book; I think you will not find another one so packed with adventure, so heady, so full of genuine thrills.

And with this book emerges, I think, a Western artist of the very first rank. I have never seen any previous work by Paul S. Clowes; but the vivid sketches that illustrate these pages are comparable to those by Ross Santee, and stamp Mr. Clowes as one of the finest artists of the West alive today. They are in Santee's manner: packed with action, explosive, the horses caught in mid-air, every line and gesture, every detail thrillingly true. Paul Clowes and Lee Sage, between them, have given us a book that is not to be missed.

Every possible wreath of twisted superlatives has already been laid at the deserving feet of Marc Connelly for *The Green Pastures*; and Mr. Riddell, who wept with the rest that memorable first night at the supreme beauty and *rightness* of the spectacle, can find no further word of tribute to utter here. At least he may mention, however, that it has just been brought out in book form by Farrar and Rinehart; and upon reading the script, it still stands as the very highest product of the modern theatre, a blend of Irish poetry and Negro imagery into a simple and perfect harmony.

■ Another swell job, not to be missed, is John Held's long-awaited volume of serious prose entitled *Grim Youth* (*Vanguard*). Here is the real thing: the uprising generation as it has not been had since the heyday of Fitzgerald. His story *Man of the World*, for example, catches Seventeen as completely as Booth Tarkington muffed it. His admirers have always suspected that John Held must know the whole figure of youth, in order to have been able to caricature its outlines so deftly with his pen; but it is *(Continued on page 84)*

P. & A.

GEORGIA COLEMAN IN A SWAN DIVE

The little golden men

BY THOMAS BURKE

■ Wailing across Hyde Park came the October wind, and as it reached Bayswater it broke upon the gaunt cliff of houses in fifty little screams. The houses replied to it with no more than a flick of loose windows, and the wind came back with a monstrous rejoinder that again broke and scattered into a mad career across Notting Dale to the end of London. It was a wet wind, and it arose at that hour of late afternoon when London bursts into its evening ecstasy of gold. It made hats fly and frocks dance. It set the lamplight fluttering as a bird flutters when an alien hand approaches its cage. The pavements were glistening with recent rain, and it made them shiver. The roadways were lakes of ebony, and it set broken pieces of the lamplight skating upon them. It whipped a thousand columns of chimney-smoke into one maelstrom. Only the houses stood rigid; they acknowledged it as a man acknowledges a buzzing fly.

But to man himself it was no mere fly; it was unloosed power; and to one man, the white-faced man in the blue mackintosh, it was destiny. Dead bricks it could not move, but the figure in the blue mackintosh, symbol of the mortal and the immortal, was its toy; and it was now driving him, half against his will, to commit the sin that the other half wanted to commit. It first pestered his face, and stung his eyes, and chilled his hands, and filled his heart with its own rage; then it drove him out of his path into Bayswater.

■ In the lavender dusk the interlocked squares and terraces of Bayswater made a map of the land of nightmare. The lines of tall dark houses looming upward and stretching forward to infinity, the lines of lamps that waited like a regiment for a procession that never came, the deep hush, the sudden enclosed spaces of whispering trees, and the insane repetition of terrace upon terrace made this bourgeois quarter the apt setting for a tale of horror. Horror seldom grows amidst horror; almost always it springs up in the incongruous air of pastoral beauty or urban decorum; and if ever horror should outstrip itself in London, Bayswater should be its setting. It is hardly the place for the abrupt and definite shock of murder. Rather its atmosphere is of that chill grey in which move things more fearful than murder—the crawling unnameable things that man can work upon man's body and man's soul—and that night, as the wind flooded its hollows, it held so keen a sense of repressed demonism that it seemed almost to *need* the healthy corrective of murder.

It got it from the white-faced man in the blue mackintosh.

Once in Leinster Gardens he began to walk up and down, and for half an hour he went up and down, pad-pad-pad, eye and mind directed to one house. By the disposition of the street lights he was sometimes energy and sometimes reverie. Now, as he crossed the amber radius of the lamplight, he lived as a man; now, as he passed into the interspaces of purple, he was an impalpable organism. That flickering march was a miniature of his and every man's life. Pad-pad-pad he went, fixed like a shuttle in a groove of two hundred yards, while all around him beat the life of the city of glittering distances.

■ But death, not life, was his concern, and the only distance that allured his eye was the distance between himself and his victim. In every few minutes this was shortened. Silent step by silent step, sometimes approaching, sometimes retreating, he yet drew nearer, while behind drawn curtains the victim went quietly about his evening occasions, held, by the casual mercy of the gods, from the knowledge that every tick of the clock marked the pulse of his murderer's step and the last beats of his own heart.

At six o'clock he was in the house, standing behind a velvet hanging that draped the connecting door of the smoking-room and the study. He was on the study side of the door, and was peering through the opening of the hangings into its dusky depths. He saw a large room strewn with rugs of Daghestan and Kerman and Coulas, and set with appointments that confirmed the rugs. Clearly the study of a rich man of somewhat opulent tastes. There were deep divan chairs in glowing yellow hide. The dark yellow walls were dressed with Oriental banners and curved weapons, and on brackets and tables stood Buddhas and Sivas large and small. On the mantel-shelf and on other shelves were idols with moveable heads, and on the passing of heavy traffic the vibration of the walls set a dozen dumb crowns nodding in various rhythms, as at some secret thought. These figures nodding out of the shadows fascinated the man: he had the feeling of being spied upon. Elsewhere were great vases of the Sung and Ming periods, and carvings in coral and rock-crystal; and on the great desk in the centre of the room, scattered among ink-stand and cigar-box and lamp-standard, were a number of small figures and netsukes in old ivory. The dominant note of the room, struck by the rugs and taken up by the wall-paper, the vases, the idols, the chairs, and the ivory, was gold; and this note expressed its owner.

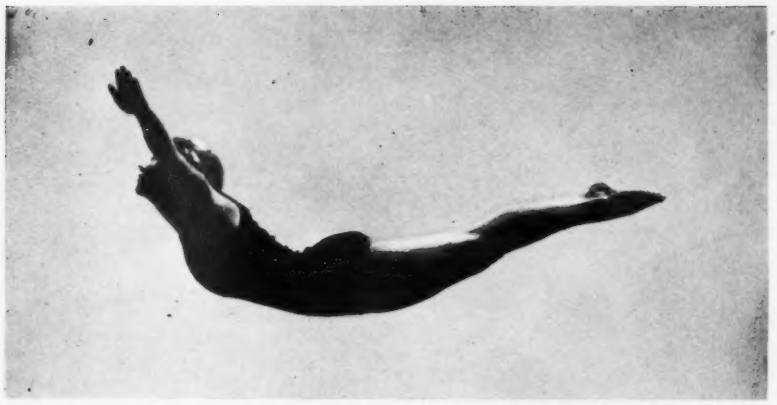
At the moment when the man behind the curtain, no longer beaten by the wind, was becoming relaxed from his purpose by the hush and warmth of the room, it received three bursts of light from its electric lamps, and his victim stood within his reach. Gold,

or hues verging upon gold, was about his person as well as about his room. There was the hard, bronze face, the amber-coloured waistcoat, the amber cigar-holder, the watch-chain, and the russet tie; and as he stood for a second or two amid the rugs he had the appearance of a golden god in a setting of gold, receiving the homage of his nodding priests. That was his last appearance in magnificence, and it was an appearance of four seconds only; for at the fifth second he was on his back across the desk, and the floor was littered with cigars and the little ivory figures.

■ The gold man wrenched his neck aside, and through closed jaws sputtered one word. On that word down came the dagger into the neck, and down it came again into the side just below the arm. As it was drawn back for a third stroke, and the pressure on the throat a little loosened, the gold man made a furious death-heave, and twisted from under the other. They fell, and on the floor, among the litter of ivories, they struggled softly and madly, and the vibration set the solemn idols nodding to each other—Look, look, look! There were slow gasps and hot panting. They spluttered. The gold man could make no words, but the blue mackintosh was crisp. "That's shut *your* mouth. Give me up, will yeh? Get me a stretch? After I done your dirty work all these years. Put me away, will yeh? You bloody fence! You won't talk much more. How's that?"

A third time the dagger came down, this time full into the throat. There was a gurgle, a sigh, and then peace. The blue mackintosh got up. It was done. After months of approaching it and retreating from it, of nursing it and dismissing it, it was done. He had tried to frighten himself out of it by visualizing himself as a murderer in the dock and in the cell and on the scaffold. He had tried to laugh himself out of it by imagining himself doing it—a ludicrous picture. He had tried to kill the idea by observing his own hate from the outside, as the silly antics of another fool. And now he had done it.

Well, he must see about fixing things. He stood over the body and bent himself to a question-mark, listening. But the great house was silent and still. Nobody had seen him enter; nobody, it appeared, had heard their struggle; and by familiarity with the man's habits he knew that nobody would come to the study until the dinner-gong was sounded. He looked down at the bloody body and the blood-stained carpet and ivories, and then at his own clothes. No marks or stains that he could see. The dagger was still in the body and could stay there; by his precaution of wearing gloves the haft could hold no clue. He gave a quick glance round the room, to see if he had missed any damaging signs, and in the moment of *(Continued on page 72)*



THE BEGINNING OF THE SWAN

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Georgia Coleman—Diving Champion

■ The photographs on these two pages are of a young American girl who, though only eighteen, is today the outstanding champion among the women divers of the world. She has won countless titles, among them those of National Springboard, and National Fancy High Diving Champion, and has everywhere stamped herself as a performer of courage, versatility and form. Though born in Texas, she at present represents the Los Angeles Athletic Club. She is blonde, fearless, and engaging

START OF THE JACK-KNIFE

ROBERTSON BERLIN

Max Schmeling

The winner of the world's heavyweight championship who won the title when Jack Sharkey fouled him

■ Max Schmeling, the twenty-four-year-old German champion, came to the United States two years ago. His first match in this country was with Joe Monte, an average boxer, whom he knocked out in the eighth round. His great bid for fame, however, came when he knocked out Johnny Risko, who had fought all the leading heavyweights from Tunney to Sharkey without ever taking the count. This established Schmeling as a fighter with a destructive punch, a reputation which was enhanced when he badly battered the rugged Spanish Champion, Paulino Uzcudun, easily winning the decision. Thus, after Gene Tunney's retirement from the ring, he became the logical contender for the heavyweight championship. He was matched to meet Sharkey at the Yankee Stadium on June twelfth last. The result of that bout, in which Schmeling, apparently out-fought by Sharkey, was awarded the title on a foul, has subjected modern methods of waging prizefights to serious criticism by the boxing fans of the United States

In this corner . . .

BY PAUL W. GALLICO

Some possible claimants to the title of the world's heavyweight champion now held by Mr. Schmeling

Fair is foul and foul is fair. . . . Macbeth.

■ The return to circulation of the heavyweight prize-fighting championship of the world from whence it was withdrawn two years ago by James Joseph Tunney, comes as a great relief to that strange group of amateur and professional connivers consisting of what the late Tex Rickard used to call—"socially refined and wealthy millionaires," gangsters, racketeers and ward heelers. The championship is one of the great sporting and political plums of the generation and it is sinful not to have it around earning increment. It is a fine thing for sport to have it back although the manner of its return is greatly deplored in all circles.

The title is now the exclusive property of Maximilian Siegfried Adolph Otto Schmeling, of his manager, his manager's manager, his friends, his connections and the political party that was in office at the time of the transfer. The first German ever to hold the championship, Schmeling was considerably aided in its acquisition by a division of the human body at the waistline, established by nature and recognized and popularized by the Marquis of Queensberry. In his day the Marquis had always declared that it was fair game to strike in the upper portions, but strike him a delicate shade of magenta if it was cricket to hit a man below the belt!

In the finals of the heavyweight elimination contests, Jack Sharkey, American contender, during the fourth round, fetched the German contender a perfect beauty about three points north of the patella and terminated the evening. Amidst the hysterical shrieks of Schmeling's manager, the supine hero was declared heavyweight champion of the world since there was nothing else to do about it.

Inasmuch as the quarter-final and semi-final bouts necessary for the restoration of the championship both ended in fouls or claims of foul, the question of heavyweight superiority has been left rather in abeyance, but the campaign has had considerable sociological importance by aiding and abetting the growing freedom of speech between the sexes. The technical and anatomical discussions I have heard from departing customers and their escorts at various ringsides have been unique, interesting and sometimes inspiring.

However, having worked felicitously and harmoniously for two years to create a new heavyweight champion, the interests known affectionately to the trade as "the boys" can see very little to gain in allowing a German to have the championship with the social prestige, revenue and patronage that go with it. Thus the plotting already goes merrily forward to take the title away from Schmeling, this being the inevitable cycle of the fight business. You build 'em up and then you knock 'em down. The instruments for the eventual attainment of this praiseworthy and understandable ambition are at present but seven in number. They are Jack Sharkey of Boston; Philip Shuffling Scott of London; Vittorio Mario Campolo of Buenos Ayres; Primo Carnera of Venice; Tuffy Griffith, Sioux City, Iowa; Otto Von Porat of Norway, and Ernie Schaaf of Elizabeth, N. J.

In view of what seems to be the modern method of waging prize-fights no survey of contenders may be made without a consideration of their ability to weather a left hook to the kneecap or a rousing kick in the shins. This should automatically eliminate from further consideration the pretences of Phil Scott, the London fireman who is one of the master boxers of the day but unfortunately cannot fight a lick. In addition, he has on many occasions demonstrated that he is unable to take his fouls or leave them alone, and the one time where it really counted, when he was Sharkey's victim, in Miami, his attendants were not sufficiently quick-witted to steal the decision for him while he lay in his swoon.

The weakest sister of the entire group of pretenders, Scott votes the straight Tammany ticket and thus may be seen once again going into his faint on the canvases of the better local abattoirs. Should this timid Englishman be elected to demonstrate one or two of his collapses with Herr Schmeling next June you need only know that he has one of the best left hands in the game, the aggressiveness of a chocolate marshmallow and an attack in which he advances rapidly backwards. The aspirant will more than likely be one of the following—

■ Jack Sharkey—born Josef Cukauskas. Even his best friends know by this time that he is not destined, even as was the sailor whose last name he adopted (Tom Sharkey), to become heavyweight champion of the world. Technically he is the best equipped heavyweight fighter of our time, the protests of James J. Corbett to the contrary. Mentally and temperamentally, Sharkey falls below the standard of his physical capabilities. He lacks that fraction of control of temper and punches which would make him champion. He has mastered every blow in the catalogue with the exception of the left counter to the body, which he sends in low. He is convinced that Fate is against him. He has been in the game too long to harbor any illusions or to have any further ambitions. His position as *pater familias* militates against the dashing and reckless abandon needed in the ring. If he meets Schmeling again he will surely lose.

Vittorio Mario Campolo—A gigantic fellow from the Argentine, standing six feet six, who is incredibly ugly, is alleged to have been a *gaucho* but this may have been a typographical error on the part of his press agent. I suspect that *gauche* was the original word. Crude, strong, game, a heavy right hand hitter, he is nevertheless colorless, lacks fighting temperament and goes into the Grand Banks when tapped on the lug, which is how the boys at the Madison Square Garden describe his reaction to concussion. He has a unique if vulgar strategy by which he turns his head away from his opponent during the heat of battle to expectorate. The opponent notices this and makes up his mind to fetch him one the next time he does it. When he tries it, Vittorio Mario turns suddenly and lets fly a right hand with his whole family riding on it. It is doubtful whether this simple strategem will suffice to carry him through to the world title.

■ Primo Carnera—is probably the most menacing and hideous figure that ever climbed through the ropes. He is six-feet seven inches tall, weighs 265 pounds of bone and muscle. His American rights are owned and operated by a night club entrepreneur, advised and assisted by a select coterie of fascinating characters who are well versed in the lore of the dive, the fix, the plunge and the Barney, including also that sterling and misunderstood character, Mr. Abraham Attell, confessed handyman to the fixing of the 1919 world series. He was recently convicted of participating in a fake fight in California, when a Senegambian, engaged to keel over from a ferocious push on the elbow, suddenly decided to play it straight, heeding neither the lure of the money nor the gentle persuasion of the shooting pistol sometimes exhibited in such emergencies.

Although he is barred by most boxing commissions the giant Italian is nevertheless one of the most dangerous fighters in the ring. He moves sinuously and inevitably, it is impossible to elude him or to clinch with him, and he punches like a pile-driver. He uses a right uppercut that drives his opponent's teeth up through the top of his head. Whether it's on the level or whether Carnera is pushing some stuffed shirt into the tank, it gives one the creeps to watch him. Owner of the world's largest varicose veins, he is a trifle weak in the center and is liable to scream for help when pegged in the body. He has the neck and shoulders of the Piltdown Man, a big gummy mouth and a nightmare leer. Attendance at any performance of his is as good as a night at the Grand Guignol. If matched for the heavyweight title, he will bring back the million dollar gate.

Tuffy Griffith—is Chicago's entry. He is a lively, rushing young fighter who boxes with a queer, petulant *(Continued on page 68)*

The back-game strategy

BY GROSVENOR NICHOLAS

Advice on winning games in backgammon when the luck apparently stands in favor of the opponent

■ The origin of the backgammon strategy known as the back-game is unknown. Like the origin of the game it is apparently lost in antiquity. It is true, nevertheless, that this rather unique strategy has added much to the play of the game and a knowledge of it can only increase one's pleasure and interest.

Before the discovery of the back-game, the player with the better dice for progress and position always won. Games in which the dice were very unequal, therefore, were inevitably dull. If, for example, one player commenced with a six and one and followed this with a double four, while his opponent had two really bad throws, like a two and one, there was so little uncertainty as to the outcome of the game that there could be but little interest. Even to the winner it was uninteresting, while to the loser it was hopeless.

The discovery of the back-game changed this. For the strategy of the back-game applies to backgammon that ancient and seemingly paradoxical teaching: the first shall be last and the last shall be first, and enables one to win some of the games in which one's dice at the outset are decidedly inferior to those of one's opponent.

In fact, for the purpose of playing a back-game the "worse" one's dice are the better, and *vice versa*.* For the strategy of the back-game has for its immediate objectives going backward, instead of forward, getting one's men back, instead of advancing them, and making one or more additional points in the opponent's inner table instead of in one's own.

It must be borne in mind that the back-game is a definite strategy or method of play. It is not merely being behind. We often hear a player, who finds himself behind after a game has progressed beyond its initial stages, say, "Well, I shall have to play a back-game." The game, in fact, may have progressed so far that a back-game is impossible. However, the opponent who is ahead is perhaps forced to expose a blot which is taken up and in that way the relative position and progress of the two players are reversed. This is not a back-game. While one of the players is behind, both of the games are actually forward games. What has happened is only the shifting of the advantage from one player to the other which is so characteristic of backgammon.

In playing a back-game the greatest difficulty, as well as the first essential, is to get back far enough. To get back sufficiently is the only safeguard against being "ahead of one's game" later on (which with a back-game generally means failure) and in order to accomplish this one must set about it early.

■ In a back-game, just as in a forward game, there are always degrees of perfection. In pursuing either strategy one naturally endeavors to have one's game, whether it is of the one type or of the other, approach as nearly as possible to perfection. The extent to which one can accomplish this depends largely, of course, upon the dice, but, whether it is a forward game or a back-game, the more nearly perfect it is the more formidable it is and the more likely one is to win.

The most perfect forward game is the one which establishes the most effective block of the opponent's two hindmost men and, at the same time, provides safe landing places for the men one must move across one's outer and into one's inner table. This is best accomplished by securing at the outset one's five point and one's bar point. These two points, therefore, are the immediate objectives of a forward game.

In like manner, there is a perfect or ideal back-game. In order to establish this three things must be accomplished. Accordingly, when this strategy is employed, there are three immediate objectives. Two of these are positive and, while the third is negative, they are all three of fundamental importance.

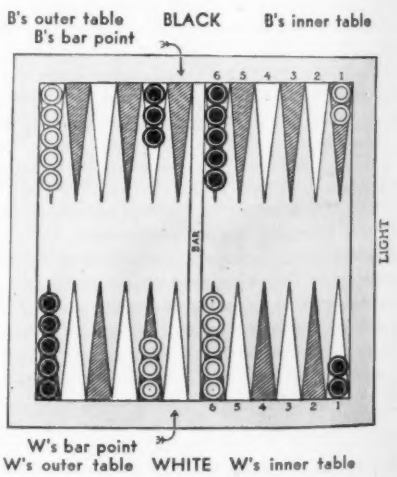
First, one must establish in the opponent's inner table at least one other point in addition to the one point which one already has. For this purpose, the best additional point is the two point. While the chances are less that the three point will be effective, it may be regarded as very satisfactory. With this additional point upon the opponent's four point or five point, however, the danger to the opponent becomes less and less.

Second, one must have a sufficient number of additional men back. While the adversary is moving into his inner table and throwing off, this is the only protection possible against being obliged to move out of the adversary's inner table or to advance one's men too far into one's own inner table, where they will be out of play. It is difficult to have too many men back. It is better to have too many than too few as this is a safeguard against unusually large dice. These additional men back, moreover, must be in some position from which they can be played. To have them upon the opponent's one point is unsafe. In that position they are blocked by the bar point and, even after that point is abandoned, can be moved only with a six. The best positions for these men are the outer tables or they may be upon the four or five point of the opponent's inner table from which positions they can generally be played.

■ Third, none of one's men must be out of play. That is, none of one's men must be advanced beyond the five or four point of one's inner table. Of course, a back-game may sometimes be brought to a successful conclusion with one or even two of one's men out of play. However, whenever it is possible, it is better to keep all of one's men in play. The more men one has available the greater are one's chances of preventing the escape of any of the opponent's men that are captured.

To summarize briefly, the elements of a back-game are possession of the one and two point or one and three point in the opponent's inner table, no men out of play and a sufficient number of additional men back which may be moved to improve one's position (but not obliged to move too far) until the opponent "breaks" and must expose one or more of his men. Such a back-game is perhaps perfect. While the nearer one can come to establishing such a game the greater are one's chances of success, with a back-game, as with a forward game, it is unusual to have absolute perfection. Fortunately, in either case, many games may be won with something which merely approaches it.

In order to appreciate the strength of a back-game one has only to place one's men in the positions indicated, the opponent's men being placed upon the remaining points of his inner table and upon his bar point. Then by continuing this experimental game, it will be found that the opponent generally is obliged to expose one or more of his men. If two are exposed, *(Continued on page 68)*



*As in a forward game a double six is often a most advantageous throw for a player, so in a back-game it is frequently a most disastrous one

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

Fay Wray

A brisk apprenticeship playing extra rôles in slapstick screen comedies, and riding through western horse operas made it difficult for Fay Wray to convince Hollywood directors that her's was, fundamentally, a gentle art. She won her first purely dramatic rôle in *The Wedding March* with Eric Von Stroheim, and was immediately recognized as an actress of delicate and sure appeal. Miss Wray, seen here as *Ophelia*, a rôle she has never played except for Mr. Steichen's camera, is the wife of John Monk Saunders, author of *Wings*

Timing the golf stroke

BY ROBERT T. JONES, JR

America's champion advises about rhythm and gives us a few hints on swinging clubs correctly

■ It is unfortunate that the most important feature of the golf stroke is so difficult to explain or understand. We all talk about good timing, and faulty timing, and the importance of timing, and yet no one has been able to fix upon a means of saying what timing really is. The duffer is told that he spoils his shot because his stroke is not properly timed, but no one can tell him how to time it.

But one very common error which results in bad timing can, I believe, be pointed out with sufficient exactness to give the average golfer something to work on. I mean the error of beginning to hit too early in the downward stroke. I have said that it is a common error. It is an error common to all golfers, a chronic lapse in the case of the expert, but an *unfailing* habit in the case of the "dub". I believe it will be found that, of the players who turn in scores of ninety and over, ninety-nine out of every hundred of them hit too soon on ninety-nine out of every hundred strokes. Many golfers who play even better golf and have a really decent looking form, fail to play better than they do for this same reason.

Hitting too soon is, in itself, a fault of timing. It results in the player reaching the ball with a large part of the power of the stroke already spent. Instead of being able to apply it all *behind* the ball, he has expended a large amount of it upon the air where it could do no good. Apparently every man fears that he will not be able to strike out in time, when, as a matter of fact, not a single player has come under my observation who has been habitually guilty of too late hitting. Sometimes men fail to close the face of the club by the time the club reaches the ball, but this is a fault due to something entirely apart from tardy delivery.

The primary cause of early hitting can be found in the action of the right hand and wrist. If the left hand has a firm grip upon the club, so long as it remains in control, there can be no premature hitting. The left side is striking backhanded and it will prefer to pull from the left shoulder, with the left elbow straight rather than to deliver a blow involving an uncocking of the wrist.

But the right hand throughout the stroke is in the more powerful position. Its part in the golf stroke is what, in tennis, would be called the forehand. It is moving forward in the direction easiest for it to follow. Because the player is intent upon effort and upon hitting hard, the right hand tends to get into the fight long before it has any right to do so. The right hand must be restrained if it is not to hit before its time arrives.

I wish everyone could study carefully a few sets of motion pictures showing the proper action of the right side, noting particularly the successive positions of the wrists. In the case of an expert player the wrists remain fully cocked (just as they have been at the top of the swing), until at least half of the downstroke has been completed by the arms.

The dub, on the other hand, starts immediately, when coming down, to whip the club with his wrists. He forthwith takes all the coil out of his spring.

■ It is hard to wait, so long as the player is expending anything like the maximum effort. It is therefore wise to work yourself into this sense of delayed hitting, by swinging, at first gently toward the ball. I have seen numbers of mediocre players who were able to obtain fine results by exercising a bit of this kind of restraint. When once this sense is felt and the drives begin to crack sharply, one's speed and force can gradually be increased up to the player's limit.

A full and free body-turn, or pivot, as some people prefer to call it, is, of course, a source of great power in hitting a golf ball. It is impossible to accomplish a rhythmic stroke of any considerable force without understanding the use of the body and taking advantage of such an understanding. Arms and hands alone, even when assisted by some shoulder motion, cannot approach the power delivered by a controlled stroke in which correct body motion is present.

It will be observed that the more expert player upon reaching the top of a full swing presents his back fairly to the objective, until he is looking at the ball over the point of his left shoulder.

To begin the pivot early and to retain the right elbow close to the side of the body is to start at least, on the road to a fine shot.

But here I must speak of the importance of a full and free backswing. I feel that this phase of the golf stroke is worthy of further elaboration here, particularly because it is one in which nearly all golfers err when, for any reason, the responsibility of making an important shot begins to weigh upon them. The length of the backswing is one of the things which I *(Continued on page 72)*

WIDE WORLD

ROBERT T. JONES, JR PLAYING GOLF UNDER POLICE PROTECTION

■ How the constabulary were forced to treat Bobby Jones in England, when he played in the championship there. The Bobbies had probably heard he made a habit of stealing holes, shooting eagles, smashing records and murdering par

The well-dressed woman goes to sea

• Smartness in yachting costumes means simple and practical clothes. One's yachting wardrobe should be based on white, combined with such shades as navy-blue, scarlet or yellow used for touches of colour. The figure seated at the left is wearing a white short sleeved wool dress with a large sailor collar. The belt is of the same material and is circled with large navy-blue buttons; from Bergdorf Goodman. The woman standing by the mast is wearing a white silk piqué sleeveless dress and a scarlet double-breasted jacket made of soft knitted wool; from Bergdorf Goodman. A top coat is usually necessary on a yacht and this Vionnet model is made of white crêpy woolen; it has a soft roll collar, a slight flare to the skirt and brown wooden buttons on the belt and sleeves; from Bonwit Teller. The figure at the right is wearing a sleeveless dress of white flannel. A touch of colour is added by a tie and belt of beige and yellow plaid; Bergdorf Goodman

Strong colours such as red, navy or yellow contrasted with white are very smart to wear at sea

For the well-dressed man

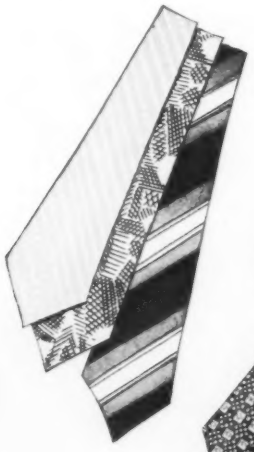
Cool things to wear on warm summer days and evenings at the smart summer places

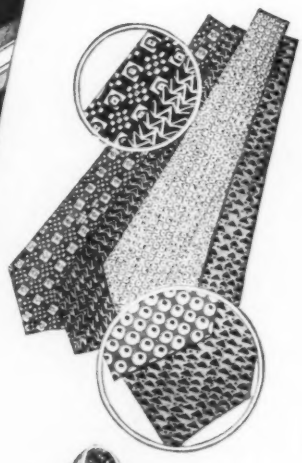
A silk cummerbund—after the East Indian Kami band—to wear instead of a dress waistcoat with the dinner jacket on warm summer evenings. Made in black and colours; from Brooks Brothers

Tropical worsted is the material used in this dinner jacket and the trousers to match it; from Drane and Rand. The fold collar is quite correct at informal gatherings on warm summer evenings

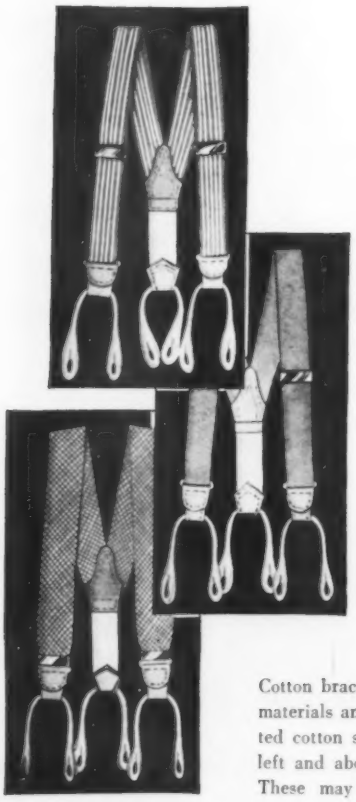
The tan linen jacket illustrated above may be worn in the country with white flannel trousers during the day. This is obtainable at Saks-Fifth Avenue. A white jacket is good with grey flannels

The razor, directly above, carries its own stropping device always in contact with the blade. The same flicking motion used in shaking out a shaving brush serves to sharpen the blade; from Brooks





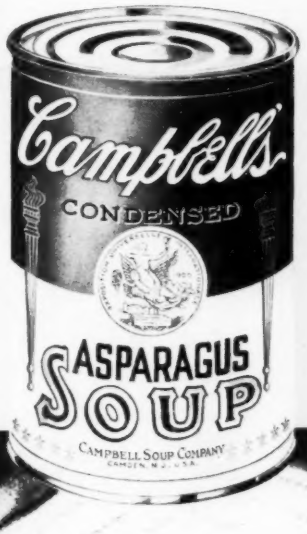
A group of small-patterned ties at the left illustrates some of the designs in cotton neckwear for summer; from F. R. Tripler. The group including a striped Shantung tie is from Saks-Fifth Avenue



Cotton braces made from cheviot shirt materials and one pair made with knitted cotton straps are illustrated to the left and above; from Brooks Brothers. These may match the shirt material

Below and to the left, a pair of sponge rubber slippers for locker room and beach are shown; from Steffin. Directly below, waterproof slippers, for beach and bath—French, Shriner and Urner

Look for the
Red-and-White Label



THE IRRESISTIBLE CHARM OF ASPARAGUS CAPTURES YOUR APPETITE IN THIS SUAVELY BLENDED SOUP!

Asparagus—king of the early spring garden! How tender, succulent and ingratiating it is! How charming to your appetite is its delicate, elusive flavor!

And here it is captured for your table at any season of the year. Campbell's Asparagus Soup is precious indeed to the connoisseur in rare and exquisite flavor.

But it is more than this. It is a wholesome, healthful, strictly vegetable soup which is decidedly beneficial, especially to the children. Creamed according to the simple directions on the label, it is all the more nourishing and attractive. 12 cents a can.

Your choice . . . Every soup you ever want,
at its delicious best!

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Our London letter

Detailing a wardrobe of clothes for summer at the beach resorts in the South of France

Above, a white linen mess jacket worn with white waistcoat and black tie; and the new double-breasted dinner jacket which is made with a very low waistline. The lapels are now finished in dull silk

Above is a suit of white duck with a glossy finish. Buttons are fastened as on a dress waistcoat and can be removed when the suit is laundered; from Anderson & Sheppard. The polo shirt is still smart

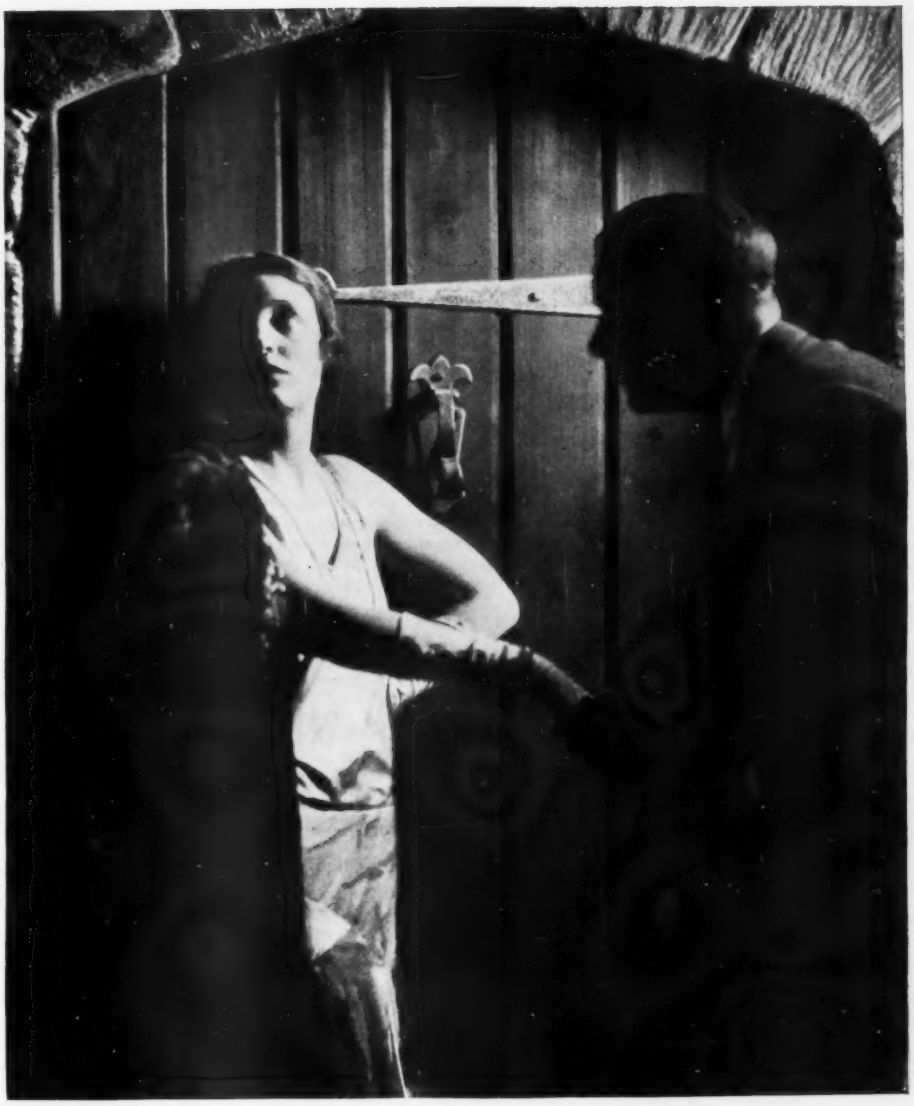
Above are a bathing suit in two tones of blue and white and a very light-weight towelling robe in the same colour scheme and a very similar pattern, both quite simple. These are from Hilditch and Key

At the left, a horizontal-striped sailor's jersey to wear on the beach with duck trousers or shorts. The shirt and shorts of wash cotton crêpe, also for beach wear, come in white, brown, blue and red

• Since it has become very much the fashion for Englishmen to go to the Continent for a few weeks each year for the really hot weather and bathing at Biarritz, the Riviera, or the Lido, it has become necessary to make an addition to the wardrobe to meet this occasion, for the things a man needs at these resorts are quite different from what is necessary anywhere else. It must be remembered that the weather in July and August at these resorts is extremely hot and so the clothes that can be worn anywhere else with comfort in summer are not at all suitable there. For Deauville or Le Touquet, flannels are the proper thing during the entire summer, but in the South it is quite useless to take flannels for they are too warm. Therefore, only a tropical wardrobe is suited to this particular life, and even then it is not a tropical wardrobe of the usual sort, because of the special mode of life that is now led there.

First of all, in the matter of evening clothes, which are still worn by the majority of men in the South of France, a dinner jacket of some tropical weight material is a necessity. It should be double-breasted so that it can be worn without a waistcoat. Here is an occasion when it is permissible to wear a soft white sport shirt with attached collar and cuffs, for a starched shirt and a stiff collar are almost unbearable. But even better than a dinner jacket is the linen mess jacket, so much worn in the East. Although it must be worn with a waistcoat or cummerbund, it looks so much cooler and fresher than a black jacket that it has everything in its favour. Of course, this jacket, like the ordinary dinner jacket, is much smarter when it is worn with a stiff shirt and collar of the usual sort, but due to the exceptionally hot weather in these places in the summer, a man is quite justified in wearing a soft shirt notwithstanding.

The double-breasted flannel lounge suit, which is the Englishman's stand-by in summer time for travelling, motoring, and semi-country wear, is good for the journey down to Cannes or Venice, but little good from that moment till his departure for, to begin with, it is too hot to wear and, secondly, during the day jackets are never worn in the South of France, nor any longer in Venice. The proper kit for both of these places is white duck trousers, or trousers made of some washable material, *(Continued on page 80)*



She SAID

"Good Night"

but she MEANT

"Good Bye"

"IT'S funny how life treats a fellow. I had knocked around a long time and I'd about come to the conclusion that I would never fall in love.

"And then, one night, a friend of mine asked me up to the Westchester-Biltmore.

"'I've got a girl for you that you'll like,' he said.

"Well, I'd heard that story before. There's always somebody in every city in the world that's got a girl that was just made for you. Somehow, they never click. And although I had a splitting headache, I went because Jim was a friend of mine.

"I met the girl and as I was introduced I thought, 'Tricked again!' That just goes to show you the folly of first impressions.

"I don't know what there was about this girl but she attracted me and fascinated me as no other woman had. I can't remember when I have ever spent such a pleasant evening. Everything she did struck me as just right. Every movement she made seemed graceful to me. I felt humble in her presence, yet eager to win her regard. But all the while, I was conscious of a sort of haughty reserve on her part.

"I took her home in Jim's car and I asked if I might call. She hesitated, as though turning the matter over in her mind, and finally agreed.

"I don't flatter myself that I'm any Don Juan with women, but at least I have seen enough of life to make my conversation moderately interesting. It couldn't have been that I bored her—and yet I could not understand that distant air of hers. I thought about it a long time as a fellow will, and finally dropped off to sleep.

"The following Wednesday I called upon her at her home. I have listened to a lot of love-sick men in my time and I wrote them all down as chumps but I want to tell you that the first time in my forty years, I knew how they felt.

"This woman upset me, disturbed me, and captivated me completely. It was just one of those things that happen to a man—one of those things for which there was no explanation. I knew that if I lived to be a thousand years old, that there would never be another woman that could win me as she did.

"That second meeting was pleasant enough—wonderful in fact—but all the time I had the same feeling I had experienced before—that she was holding aloof from me, that something vaguely displeased her. But down in her heart, I felt that she at least liked me.

"That night when I went home, I racked my brain in an attempt to recall something I had said or done to irritate her. It bothered me, because I felt that she was the most important thing to me in life. I would gladly have given all I had to make her happy.

"Business called me to Cuba and I flew down and back so that I might spend as little time as possible away from her. It sounds foolish for a man of my age, doesn't it?

"Once back in New York, I called her immediately. One of her servants informed me she was out of town. But one hour later, I saw her driving down Fifth Avenue. That hurt! I resolved to say nothing about it and called her again in the evening.

"She was very pleasant but said that she was busy. Thereafter, it was the same story. I knew she didn't want to see me. I was simply sick about it.

"I couldn't understand then why I should be unwelcome to her and I never would have understood unless a friend of mine—my oldest friend, in fact—had told me.

"'Leonard,' he began in a sort of abashed way, 'this isn't a thing that I could say to many people. Old friend as you are, I have hesitated even in your case. It's not easy to talk about. But I feel that I can help you more by telling you about it than by not telling.'

"I didn't know what he was driving at, but I'm the kind of a fellow that likes the bad news quickly and over with.

"And then he told me. It was a horrible thing to hear. I flushed—and thanked him. I only wish to heaven he'd had the courage to tell me five years ago. I could understand now why Louise had sent me away a discouraged, unhappy man three years before."

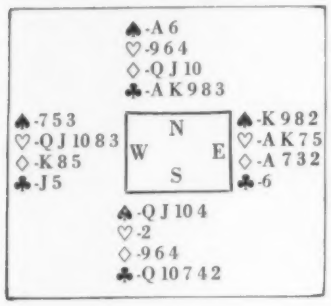
Full strength Listerine instantly ends halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. A germicide, it kills the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000, in 15 seconds.* Naturally it attacks infections and decay—each a cause of odors. Being also a rapid deodorant it overcomes the odors themselves. Gargle with it every morning, every night and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

****Fastest killing time recorded by science.***

Psychology in Contract Bridge

(Continued from page 53)

which was attended by good results.

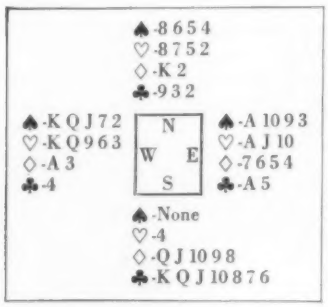


Both sides Vulnerable. Each 60, advance score.

North deals and bids one Club, which East doubles. South, very psychically, bids one Heart, hoping thereby to stop West from bidding the heart suit. The plan works beautifully, as West is fooled by the bid and passes. North now bids two Hearts, and East, with defense, passes. South now bids three Clubs, which is passed all around, and made, whereas the opponents can make four hearts, played thus:—North leads his King of clubs, then makes his Ace of spades and leads another spade which East takes. When three rounds of trumps have been led and three rounds of diamonds, North finds himself in the lead with nothing but clubs in his hand. East ruffs the club with his last trump and, on his fourth diamond, discards the remaining spade in West's hand.

In the case of this interesting hand, should South's hand be bid normally, West will certainly bid Hearts and East and West can make four Hearts, or else North and South will be forced to bid five Clubs and go down six hundred points—instead of which North and South go game and rubber—a swing of nearly twelve hundred points.

Here is another interesting hand recently played at Auction:

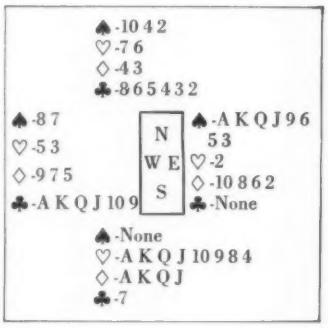


The Bidding

E—1 NT	Pass	Pass	Pass
S—2 S	3 H	4 Club	Pass
W—Doub	Doub	Doub	
N—Pass	Pass	Pass	

In this case, East dealt and bid one No Trump, indicating an equally distributed hand. South, with his irregular distribution, figures there must be another hand something similar to his own somewhere around the table and probably composed of the major suits. If so, his (South's) hand is probably a losing one. He therefore elects to conceal his true holding and bids two Spades without a Spade in his hand. When he is doubled he injects a little more psychic bidding into the affair and ventures a bid of three hearts which is also doubled. The result obtained is remarkable, as he finally goes game and rubber at four Clubs doubled, with a hundred honors, whereas the opponents have six spades or six hearts spread in the hand. West, not an expert, was completely fooled by South's bidding, figuring South with a four- four- four- one, or a five- four- four- distribution. Should this hand be bid normally, South will have to bid seven Clubs in order to obtain the contract and will go down three tricks, doubled.

This story would not be complete, however, without relating a disastrous example of what can happen when one chooses the wrong time, or the wrong partner, to make a Psychic:



The above was a Goulash which was recently played in New York with both sides vulnerable. North and South were playing the two-bid compulsory take-out.

This bid should perhaps be explained. It is becoming more and more a rule among good Contract players that an original two bid in any suit (signifying as it now does, five quick tricks) *must* be kept open by the partner. If the partner holds a bust he must still keep the bidding open by saying "two no-trumps", so that the original bidder will have a chance to put in his very probable game bid.

South, fearing that his almost certain small slam in hearts would be taken away from him should the opponents bid a small slam in spades, craftily decided to start the bidding with two Spades, expecting that his partner would keep the bidding open, and hoping also to stop his opponents from getting together on their spades should the spades be separated in the two hands. Unfortunately, North forgot his duty and *passed*. East, of course, passed also. Five rounds of Clubs were led. East and West made a grand slam with a hundred honors, and North went down the brutal amount of sixteen hundred points, instead of making a small slam in hearts, rubber, and a hundred and fifty honors. So, bridgers, don't try out your Psychics with a partner afflicted with lapses of memory.

There are many good players who do not approve of Psychics; some even consider them unfair. But, after all, one thing can certainly be said of Psychics—they undoubtedly lend a lot of colour to the game.

In this corner . . .

(Continued from page 59)

expression on his pan. He has the largest and most inviting jaw in the racket and gets it clouted every so often by some local clown elected to serve as a set-up for a little ham and bean money, and falls down for ten seconds or more. Upon being revived he announces that he is not discouraged by this unfortunate accident, and that the next time out he will lick someone like Paulino or Johnny Risko. He features a rushing attack, speed, with both hands hooking, patterned after Dempsey. Not patterned after Dempsey is his chin.

William L. (Young) Stribling—exacrobat, prizefighter, aviator and family man. Injected into the heavyweight picture once more when he recently subdued lantern-jawed Otto von Porat of Chicago in one round. Von Porat, a pretty good fighter, will eventually achieve immortality through Gene Fowler's imperishable couplet—"O Otto von Porat, O where is the floor at?" Stribling is as notorious an in-and-outer as Sharkey. He has the nerve to rattle a flying machine around in the upper ether in a violent manner but curls up in the ring. He has a left hand lash like a striking rattler, speed, experience, punch and color. Why he will never be heavyweight champion is one of those ring mysteries, but the fact remains—he won't be.

Ernie Schaaf—is a young ex-gob and model for the Muldoon-Tunney heavyweight championship trophy—that bronze statue you trip over in the lobby of Madison Square Garden. He is included among the list of possible candidates, because recently some of the Best People have Taken An Interest in him. A strong, two fisted aggressive young fellow, he is a product of the amateurs from which class he was excused when his varlets were discovered one evening packing his bandages with scrap iron, parts of old Ford automobiles and bric-a-brac. But it was done, as was later explained, in a spirit of true humanitarianism with a view to not prolonging the agony of his opponents, so the matter was not held against him.

No African has been included in this list, not as is popularly supposed because there is danger of race rioting, but because I know that the thought of a negro making so much money is repulsive to the fight promoters who invented and keep sacred the gigantic hocus-pocus known as the heavyweight championship and sets them to tossing fitfully in their beds at night unable to enjoy rest and repose.

As for young Max Schmeling, the new champion, if I told you how good he was you wouldn't believe me anyway and like as not I will be accused of being pro-German in sympathies. He is as intelligent as Gene Tunney and has a better business sense than Luis Firpo had, and Looie is considering sending the first dollar he made in the United States to the treasury in exchange for a new one because the numbers are pretty nigh worn off from carrying it around. Schmeling has every attribute of a champion—speed, condition, brain, punch and ambition including as well an extraordinarily astute little West Side Hebrew named Jacobs as his manager. This is an important point and should not be overlooked in placing any small wagers. A manager is about three-quarters of a champion. In the case of Herr Schmeling's strange acquisition of the title, Yacobs—as he calls him—was just about one hundred per cent. In fact there are some people who claim that Joe Jacobs and not Max Schmeling is the heavyweight champion of the world but Joe modestly puts aside such complete honors. He has the typical manager's aversion to punches, and when he says—"We will fight anybody in the world next June," he wants it distinctly understood that he means Herr Schmeling.

The back-game strategy

(Continued from page 60)

the opportunity is tremendous. From one's two points in the opponent's inner table the chances of hitting one of his two blots average almost six to one, while there are many chances of hitting both. If one man only is exposed there are always five to four chances that it will be hit.

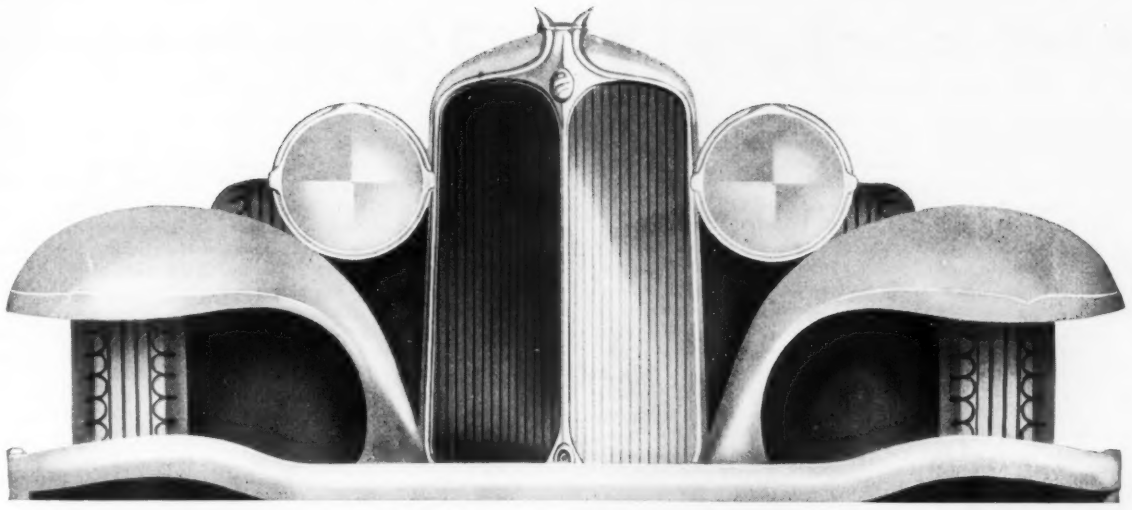
In estimating these chances only one opportunity with a single throw of the dice has been taken into consideration. This is, of course, an underestimate for the opponent often finds it impossible upon his next throw to move or cover such blots, and there are then again the same chances of hitting them.

After one of the opponent's men has been captured it is, of course, of the first importance to prevent its escape. This is done by scattering certain of one's men in the outer tables so that, when an escape is attempted, the man may be again taken up and obliged to reënter. For this purpose one should not hesitate to expose blots. At the close of a back-game the opponent's inner table is usually broken. The danger from blots is not of sufficient consequence to deter one from giving one's self as many chances as possible of preventing the escape of a captured man. At this time, another wise precaution is to block large doublets whenever that is possible for large doublets afford a captured man the best, and frequently the only, opportunity of escape.

A back-game is always a last hope or additional opportunity to a player who, at the commencement of a game, has decidedly inferior dice. Whatever may be one's opinion of it generally, against a good forward game, a back-game has a better chance of success than another forward game which is decidedly inferior in progress and position.

With superior dice one should win. If, by means of this strategy, one can win also some of the games in which the opponent's dice are superior, the opponent is always at a disadvantage.

Those who are sceptical in regard to back-games always point to the fact that this strategy risks a double game and, of course, this is true. However, with decidedly inferior dice one may lose a double game in any event and, with the new doubling of the stake, a double at the appropriate moment is an almost perfect offset.



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A tariff to end tariffs

(Continued from page 23)

the Irish Free State, Malta, Nigeria, Palestine and British Guiana, to mention only the British "free-trade" countries, as well as such great powers as France, Germany, Spain, Italy and Japan. Since then there have been further increases in Australia, whose protective tariff is now sky-high, Canada, which has adopted special discriminatory duties against American goods, Austria, Egypt, New Zealand, Chile, Cuba, Panama, Peru and Sweden. All of this occurred before a single American duty was changed.

Not content with having started a tariff war against the United States, these same countries in many cases have protested against our projected tariff increases. Threats of a Tariff War are now taking definite shape. The British Empire plans further discriminations against our trade. M. Briand tries to weld Europe into an economic union against the United States. Argentina is eager to foment a similar union in South America. It is hard to forgive the administrative folly which permitted such a situation to develop: it is particularly hard to forgive a man like President Hoover, who knows much better.

The truth is that the United States is rapidly growing away from the need of protection. Great exporting interests have been created in the last decade and they realize that it is impossible to sell if you refuse to buy and they have demonstrated that American goods can compete on equal terms anywhere in the world. Leading these interests are the automobile manufacturers. Henry Ford and General Motors have taken a strong stand against the tariff, but there is not a protected product of American industry which is not to-day being profitably sold in foreign markets, where they have no benefit of American protection and have to overcome foreign tariffs.

There is another element, however, which is opposed to the tariff. That is Wall Street. Bankers realize that we have invested fifteen billion dollars abroad—twenty-five billion, if we count the war debts. These dollars must presumably be repaid. In the meantime, they earn interest amounting to about a billion dollars a year. Bankers know that unless our debtors are allowed to repay these loans in goods or services, our investments will fail and our loans be repudiated. It is to the interest of Wall Street that these loans should be repaid and if the Tariff gets in their way, so much the worse for the tariff.

America is not a unit on tariff protection. Big industry does not need it. Big banking is hurt by it. The farmer is being squeezed by it. The small manufacturer regards as preposterous the new theory that raw materials as well as manufactured goods must be excluded. However, the farmer is going to be blamed for this tariff. The only sort of a tariff that helps the farmer is a low tariff for industrial goods. He must sell in a world market and buy in a protected market and he gets a rotten deal.

Who *does* want the Tariff, if the farmer doesn't? Wall Street doesn't. Big industry doesn't. American business has no use for it. There isn't an executive Department in Washington that would take responsibility for the proposed Tariff. The only beneficiaries of this Bill seem to be that wobbly and inefficient section of American industry which lacks the brains to produce efficiently—the same type of industry which consumed the capital of the New England cotton mills in fat dividends and then let the cotton industry go to North Carolina rather than to take the trouble to compete; wool manufacturers of the type of Joe Grundy of Pennsylvania, who imports his machinery from Great Britain but demands high duties on everything he makes; a few fruit growers in California and Florida who want to cash in on a monopoly of the citrus fruit market in the United States; the Mormon beet-sugar industry which wants to swell its already swollen profits; the shoe factories of Massachusetts which resent being forced to compete with the skillful designers of Czecho-Slovakia's American-equipped factories.

Labor wants the tariff; organized penny-wise, pound-foolish Labor wants to keep few jobs and high wages and high prices rather than get more jobs with lower wages and lower prices and be enabled to compete in the markets of the world. Labor has been sold on the protective tariff. Labor protests against Henry Ford and other American manufacturers establishing branch factories abroad, but labor does not see that a deflation of wages and prices here would keep the jobs and the branch factories at home.

There is no end, no justice and no sense to the stupid business. A bill which was too raw for America twenty years ago will not last long in the America of mass-production, world-trade and international finance. The Hoover Tariff has no justification in fact, in theory or in practice, in the light of the modern United States. The forces which will overthrow it are preparing to use it as an argument in behalf of a lower tariff than the country is economically prepared to stand. It is being pushed by politicians of both parties against their better judgment, in deference to an outworn tradition that a protective tariff is good for America. The Democrats have been making a dumb-show of virtuous indignation but they have voted protection for themselves all along the line. The Republicans have been bleating the thread-bare phrases that went over big with the Full Dinner Pail and did yeoman service against Grover Cleveland. Hoover has done nothing.

The result is an economic monstrosity, conceived in bipartisan flatulence and destined to wreck the Hoover Administration and to recast both of the major political parties. The world of our competitors will seize the occasion to declare a tariff war against us, not because of the tariff itself but because of the indiscreet advertisement it has given to our blatant economic self-satisfaction. And in four years' time the whole job will have to be undone. America has grown a little too big and too powerful to require sky-scraping protectionism any longer. This will be a tariff to end high tariffs.

Country life in Europe

(Continued from page 24)

village youths arrive with a little orchestra of mandolins and accordions led by an ill-shaven priest, while the little boys run to set off fireworks on the hill in back of the garden. These beautiful green sky-rockets, the secret of which was stolen by the Italians from the Chinese, and these Bengal lights that gleam like the furnace of an alchemist, reveal the frescoed pavilion where cardinals and popes used to take their daily siestas. Its ceiling, on which Tiepolo painted a host of blackamoors, has crumbled away, and the stone figures representing the gods of forest and river are eaten with yellow lichens.

In England, the country house is not abandoned in headlong flight at the first autumn frosts. On the contrary, its life begins with winter. Rain, snow, and draughty rooms have no terrors for the country squire. Riding to hounds imparts the glow of romance to his life. Should you arise late, when all the huntsmen have taken to the fields, and thus be left to play bridge with former ladies-in-waiting to Queen Alexandra, you will miss the true significance of these ivy-clad Gothic structures, built under the influence of Sir Walter Scott. In England you must hunt, or at least ride. The icy rooms, the snow that seeps in through the windows, trouble the apple-cheeked sportsman not at all. He is kept warm by his great meals, by foaming brown ale and by his day in the saddle.

And castles in Spain? Even an Italian villa, to be enjoyed, must be owned by an American who has spent many years in Paris; so what can we say of a castle in Spain? They exist, and some of them are very lovely, but they are almost totally inaccessible. Occasionally you will come across a Spaniard who invites you to his hotel, but the Spanish grandee who entertains foreigners on his estate is still to be found.

In Spain there are the great eighteenth-century *châteaux* in the foothills of the Guadarrama, most of them built in the style of the royal residence at la Granja. The castles of Aranjuez, which are about as gay as the Escorial. The little Renaissance manors on the banks of the Guadalquivir, each one of which claims the honour of having sheltered a mistress of Don Juan. Basque strongholds visited in summer by motor car from San Sebastian or Santander, and the villas built by new-rich Catalans, in a style that is Mediterranean and international. Chamois hunting in the Pyrenees, and the austerity of monasteries perched on inaccessible cliffs. The charterhouses of Majorca, the groves of African palms in Elche, veritable prisons for great noblemen in disgrace. Nowhere, in Spanish *châteaux*, can the joy of living be found, save perhaps in Andalusia, during the springtime, on those ducal estates where bulls are raised, and where the amateur bull-fights, the *novilladas*, remind one of the rural sports pictured on Goya's tapestries.

German *château* life was not destroyed by the war; indeed, the case is quite the reverse, for the landed aristocrats weathered the defeat and the period of inflation by taking refuge on their estates. However, with the disappearance of the Emperor, their life was deprived of its significance. . . . The Kaiser is expected! Throughout the year, the counts, the dukes, the princes, lived for the moment when, with his pointed moustache, with his withered arm hidden in a green cape, he arrived for the hunt. Though the Kaiserin never accompanied him, he was attended by a brilliant retinue. All the nobility was invited to great house parties, which were surpassed in luxury and formality only by certain Russian receptions, and which made English hospitality seem drab and rather bourgeois in comparison.

In Austria and Hungary, the social life resembles that of the German nobles, but the *châteaux* are still feudal. They are of the soil and for it, and they exist as intermediaries between the pleasures of the West and the monotony of Russian country life. Csardas danced till dawn; stupendous drinking bouts; rich displays of velvet and sable uniforms. . . . About you lies the plain that stretches into the distance, the great wheatfield of the Danube, dotted here and there with clumps of acacias.

Rumania alone, of all the Balkan countries, has *châteaux* that are worthy of the name. The life led there is interesting from the historical point of view; it is our last reminder of Holy Russia as depicted in Gogol's poems and *Anna Karenina*. The Rumanian *boyars* were provincial, it is true, in comparison with the Russian nobles, but they were untainted by Western ways, and to-day, in spite of the neighbouring Bolsheviks, in spite of the radicals clamouring for a division of the great estates, and in spite of the ravages of war, the Rumanian *château* still exists. However, it is neither a *château*, strictly speaking, nor yet a simple farmhouse; it is a vast, unpretentious dwelling lost in the midst of the plain. Life here in summer—except for a few eccentrics, no one lives outside of the cities in winter—is tame and frugal.

The dismemberment of estates, the disappearance of thrones, the scarcity of farmhands and servants, the migrations of the ruined aristocrats who have been forced to earn their living in the cities—all these tendencies have little by little deprived European *châteaux* of their ancient prestige. Built in an age of permanence, they will astonish tourists for long years to come, but they are dying from within; they are not reared for this era of small fortunes, of cheap automobiles, of palatial hotels; nor for the youth of this age, who demand costly, intense pleasures, shared in common and changed each day. The new generation will rarely visit these mansions of French stone, these halls of English brick, these fortresses of the *Quattrocento*, save when some troupe of movie actors on location peoples them for a moment with painted nobles and great ladies with straw-coloured hair, directed by an exacting emperor with a Jewish name, clad in shirt and voluminous knickerbockers, who shouts his orders through a megaphone. . . .

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The little golden men

(Continued from page 57)

that glance his forehead froze. At every point of the room was something that grinned and nodded at him. Then he remembered the idols, and laughed. But the shock was useful—it showed that he hadn't yet come to himself. He must wake up and be wary, more wary than in his usual business of safebreaking. He found himself shaking a little, and his thoughts had a tendency to stray away from the immediate business. That would never do. His eye caught the glint of a series of decanters and glasses. Perhaps they would help. He never touched anything of that sort when on his regular job, but this was different. It was a new thing for him and had rather jolted him. A little slowing-down of the nerves might be useful.

He stepped through the litter of ivories and cigars, opened the first decanter, and filled a glass that held the equivalent of a "treble." It was brandy. He drank it in quick sips, neat, keeping his ears tightened for the tiniest sound. When it was done he found that he was still trembling, and still unable to concentrate on the best way of meeting the situation. He turned to the next decanter and took a liberal one from that—whisky. In a few seconds he felt more casual. One more peg; then he would be ready for a swift, clean exit. He took it, this time in one gulp; then went across to the switches and turned off the light.

The sudden plunge of darkness gave him such a shock as an unexpected plunge over a cliff. He could have screamed. Staring into it, seeking his way to the window, he could see the projection of the aureole of his own eyes just beyond the temples; and as he looked past that glow into the pit of darkness he saw it filled not with bloody faces or nodding idols, but with amorphous bodies of fear. The knowledge that he was afraid surprised him, and in making a gesture of bewilderment, putting hand to face, he found that the backs of his hands were damp with sweat, and that his heart was a dynamo. The hostile mixture of brandy and whisky was working, and as the realization of that went slowly into his brain and showed him his danger, instead of sobering him it made him laugh. He told himself that he was too old a hand to be flustered by accidents. He was drunk; that's what it was—drunk.

All the same he must get away, and at last he went, swaying across the rugs and turning his ankle on the scattered ivories. In the middle of the room he stopped and listened, wondering whether his drunken self had made some noise that his other self had not heard. But the whole house seemed as stark and dumb as the corpse on the floor. Only the ticking of the clock, for sound, and the nodding of the idols, for motion. Nothing else. He put his finger-tips to the window, raised it without noise, and looked out. Having scanned every yard of the street, he slid through to the sill. He reached forward from a kneeling position and with one hand grasped a gutter-pipe. From there, with the lightness of a ballet-dancer, he swung himself clear of the kitchen windows and landed on his toes at the entrance-porch of the next house. He stood there for some half-minute, with the air of one waiting for the bell to be answered. This was his method of proving whether an exit had been "clean." It seemed that it was; he heard no stir anywhere; and after a brief stay he went casually down the steps and strolled away.

Once out and free, he was conscious of the wild air, and discovered that in the last half-hour he had not taken one full breath. Breathing was a momentary luxury, and he breathed deep. He filled his lungs with the rushing air, breathing in time with his quick steps. He was making for the canal where he had planned to sink his mackintosh and hat, and put on a grey cloth cap; and he was almost upon it, and feeling once again master of himself and the occasion, when suddenly earth and sky were twisted into one, and the moon came reeling and crashing through the wind into a chaos of nausea.

When, some minutes later, he came up from his collapse, he found himself clinging to the railings of Portchester Square. His legs were weak, and his ears were buzzing, and his eyes were blocked by a picture of the gold man's face as he last saw it when they lay close together on the floor. The words of a silly song capered through his head: "*And we're drawing his club-money in the morning!*" He tried to drive them away by thinking of the words of other songs and of conversational phrases, but with fiendish persistence they came back and pounded upon his brain. He began to be afraid that he would sing them out loud. Mustn't do that; it would attract attention. Mustn't attract attention. With a jerk he straightened himself, shook himself, and prepared to walk on.

It was at the moment of moving away that he first became clearly aware of a noise that had been troubling his inner ear ever since he left the house: a little clittering as of fairy castanets. He looked about him, and then down to the pavement, and as he saw how the noise was being made a cold streak shot down his spine. There they were; they had trotted after him and they were now trotting round him—the little golden blood-stained netsukes. His brain was still slumbering under the drink, but at this sight it came to a kind of cloudy awakening that deceived him into thinking it was a true awakening. There they were, clearly enough, running round his feet, jumping and playing in the frightful contortions of Arabian carpets. They were making arabesques all round him. He did not attempt to imagine how the thing had happened; it *had* happened; and he was sensible enough to see the danger of the situation. He looked hastily up and down the street. If people passed and saw him like this, they might come and ask awkward questions; certainly they would re-

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Timing the golf stroke

(Continued from page 62)

have to watch continuously even when I am playing golf almost every day.

Many authorities say that to take the club back so far that it passes the horizontal position is to be guilty of a fault which they call "overswinging." While I admit that it is physically possible to swing back too far—that is, so far that the balance of the player will be disturbed or his head pulled away from its proper position—I am still certain that the temptation or inclination to do so is not present to such an extent as to constitute a menace to the player. The average man's tendencies are all in the other direction. His desire, nine times out of ten, is to shorten his swing rather than to lengthen it.

The full backswing accomplishes one thing above all others—it gives the player time and room in which to start a gradual acceleration of his downward swing. It enables him to build up velocity, from zero at the top, to a maximum at impact without having to hurry. No swing can be smooth if the backswing is stopped at a point from which the club must be yanked downward with no chance to flow easily into the rapid motion.

In this connection I may digress a little to point out that more short pitches are missed because of an abbreviated backswing than for any other reason. The player has been told to limit the length of the shot by limiting the length of the stroke and in no event to soften the force of the blow. In attempting to play a short shot firmly he invariably chops off his backswing and ruins his timing. He need not, indeed should not, employ a full swing for a short pitch, but neither must he get the idea that the length of the swing should be only half when the length of the shot is half. In any case the club must be taken back far enough comfortably to accommodate the blow to be delivered. The club must be given time to gather whatever speed it is intended to attain.

The initial movement in the golf swing (that which starts the club travelling away from the ball) has always been a puzzling one to describe. The whole thing occurs so nearly simultaneously—with the hips, arms, hands and clubhead starting to move at so nearly the same time—that it is difficult to determine just where the motion originates.

One thing revealed by fast motion picture photography is that nearly all expert players permit the clubhead to lag behind the arm motion during the first few inches of the backstroke. Pictures showing the player's position when the clubhead has travelled only a few inches show that the hands have travelled farther and that the shaft of the club no longer occupies the same position with respect to the arms as at the time of address, but that the wrists are flexed slightly backward toward the ball. This is an indication of two important things: first, that the motion of the swing originates back of the hands and wrists; and second, that there is perfect relaxation, permitting the weight and inertia of the clubhead to make itself felt before it is flung back to the top of the swing. In describing this feeling, the pro will tell his pupil that the clubhead should be "dragged" away from the ball or that it should be "flung" to the top of the stroke.

That the first motion of the backswing should be made by the legs or hips there can be little doubt. To start it with the hands inevitably results in the lifting upright motion characteristic of the beginner who swings the club as though it were an axe, elevating it to the shoulder position without a semblance of the weight-shift and shoulder-turn effected by good golfers. But there are various opinions concerning the best way consciously to begin the motion.

George Duncan believes that the swing is begun by the knees—that the player "takes off" from the left foot by employing a quick knee action and swings the weight over to the right foot. This is all right and may in certain cases be true enough. But the trouble is that when the player actually puts his mind upon knee motion and upon shifting the hips first, he is more apt to pull his entire body backward and settle his weight upon the heel of his right foot before his club gets anywhere.

It is all-important that a correct start be made so that the player will be in position, at the top of the swing, to deliver the blow in the most efficient manner possible. To be able to do this his weight must be back of the ball and his club must be in a position to be swung around *against* the ball and not to be chopped down upon it. To accomplish the first of these the shift of weight to the right foot is imperative, and obviously it is a more easily controlled action if the order is "shift, turn," rather than "turn, shift," for in the latter case all sense of balance would be destroyed. The correct position of the club—the second factor of importance—is more easily accomplished in the manner described, because the shift of weight pulling the club away from the ball, at the same time causes the clubhead to come away inside the line of flight, the very opposite of the chopping stroke referred to.

I often believe that to start the backswing correctly is one of the hardest jobs the beginner has to accomplish. It is always easier to follow a motion correctly started than it is to steer it into the proper direction. There is a confusing something about taking off from a position of rest which leaves the average beginner in a state of helpless perplexity.

It is always best for us to consider the golf stroke as one flowing and uninterrupted motion backward and forward from the position of address through the ball to the finish. This view is far more valuable than that which regards the swing as a series of distinct motions.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is one of a series of articles on golf by Robert T. Jones, Jr., which is published here with the consent of the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

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The little golden men

(Continued from page 72)

member having seen him with these things all round him, and they would make a guess that he had stolen them and dropped them in running, and they might speak to the next policeman. He must pick them up and hide them. He bent towards them, toppled, and fell on his hands. In that position he groped for them, and snatched at them; but in his nervous haste he was clumsy, and they were too quick for him. They dodged and darted and doubled, and danced under and over his hand. Not one could he hold, and meantime they pestered him, these little blood-stained creatures of Japan, and leapt about him, and vexed his eyes with their dodging. He felt one of them wetly against his cheek.

Well, if he couldn't pick them up, he must get away, and quickly. He clambered up and turned his back on them and went with a quick lurch through the square. He kept as much out of the light as he could, and made two or three crossings of the road to deceive them, until he came to Gloucester Terrace. Here he doubled and turned into Cleveland Square, and was congratulating himself on his stratagem when his ear told him that it was useless. Close behind him came again the sound of castanets, and in a panic glance he saw that they were following him. Soon they caught up with him and encircled him. He broke through them and they again encircled him. He sobbed and kicked at them, but still they made their undisciplined ballet between his feet, and leapt up at him in lilliput anger. Their little Oriental faces held the features of the dead man on the floor. He tried to turn back towards the stir and glare of Harrow Road, where he might lose them, but they buzzed and twisted about his knees and ankles with the infuriating pester of mosquitoes. He noted that passers-by stared at him and murmured to each other. He wondered if they saw those little golden things, and if so, what they thought. Decent people just glanced at him, and then looked away. Well-dressed brutes stared and turned and looked after him.

But he was not now so concerned with the figure he cut. He was mainly concerned with dodging the little golden things. They filled him with a crawling fear of necromancy. He felt that they had satanic powers, powers drawn from all the objects of that room and from their owner. But whichever way he turned they were there, sometimes driving him, sometimes impeding him. Some of them settled on his trousers, and with inward gasps he struck them off. Some of them jumped up in the air and pattered elfin clog-dances on the crown of his hat. They played about him with the intimate devilry of leprechauns. And as they pattered and danced it seemed to him that they called on other little golden things to join them, for, as he was driven into a half-lit square, a whole host of golden wraiths gathered about him and guarded and drove him. He turned right and left, but they only suspended their pestering when he went straight on. Even at those dark corners where he could not see them he could still hear and feel them. It was useless to attack them; all he could do was go on. Which way he was going he could not tell, but he went blindly on and on.

And then, as he came out of the square into a side street, they seemed to turn aside to his right, the whole host of them. He was fighting them with both arms, when he suddenly saw that there was a clear space on his left and that they had dropped well behind him. Before him he saw an open door and a lighted hall. If he could get in there. . . .

He darted in. In the hall a man met him, and he addressed the man in whimpering indignation. "I say—look here—all these things following me. Can't get along the street for them. Perfect pest. Drive 'em away, will yeh, drive 'em away."

The man looked him over. "What's following you?"

"Those things out there. Little golden men. After me all the way from Leinster Gardens. Worse'n mosquitoes. All round one's face."

He swayed, and supported himself with an arm on the wall. "Yes, all the way from Leinster Gardens."

"Sit down. You look a bit shaken up. Leinster Gardens, eh? Little golden men. Come through here. I'll get you some water."

He followed the man through to a farther room, and the man spoke to two men in the room. "Just look after this man. He's a bit faint." The two men got up, and as one of them brought a chair, and the other closed the door and stood against it, the October gale rushed down the street and filled the hall of the police-station with dancing companies of withered leaves.

The Bournemouth mystery

(Continued from page 31)

the night before as late as 8.20 o'clock. After that, no rain, and no dew, but a high, cold wind. She had arrived on the train at 7 P.M. Therefore, said he, the man who met her at the station had committed the murder between 7.15 and 8 o'clock, at the place where her body was found. There had been no dreadful house nor castle, no mediæval scene, and worst of all, to the club-criminologists, no orgies.

Garrett was delayed and hindered by the readiness of the public to give information. They showered him with no less than 22,000 documents and communications. The murder had been done by "a Welsh Jew", said one faction—for what reason, I do not know. Another group improved on this by suggesting "a Jew in a tam-o'-shanter." And I suppose that any Jews in the neighborhood, given to wearing tam-o'-shanters, found it expedient to

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My gentle readers

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motives in writing to me are mixed. It was not simply a clean, flame-like admiration for a great artist that caused him to take pen in hand, but also a desire to know whether I would give him a sum of money sufficient to enable him to start a street bookmaker's business. In fact, the more I think over this letter, the less confident do I feel that the man is going to be anything in the nature of a steady income to me down the years.

Moreover he is a London dog-stealer, and in English prisons they tend to give the inmates nothing to read but things like the first volume of *Waverley* and *Marvels of Pond Life*. My convict public is entirely American. I have had so many letters recently from American penitentiaries that I am beginning to think that the American criminal must look on one or more of my works as an essential part of his kit.

I seem to see the burglar's mother send him off for the night shift.

"Another cup of cocoa, Clarence?"

"No, thank you, mother. I must be off."

"Yes, it is getting late. Are you well wrapped up?"

"Yes, mother."

"Wearing your warm underclothing?"

"Yes, mother."

"Have you everything you need? Revolver, Brass knucks? Oxy-acetylene blow-pipe? Wodehouse novel? Black-jack? Skeleton keys? Mask?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then Heaven speed you, boy, and always remember what your dear father used to say,—Tread lightly, read your Wodehouse, and don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes."

Yes, I go like a breeze in the prisons of America: and, as I say, I am much read by those whose minds have been temporarily unhinged by physical suffering. And yet, at the risk of seeming ungracious, I must own that I am not entirely satisfied. Apart from the uncomfortable thought that the study of my books may be a part of an American prison-sentence, I cannot restrain a wistful yearning for a few readers of sound health who do not belong to the criminal classes. It is nice, of course, to be looked on as a valuable counter-irritant in cases of mumps, measles or tertiary fever. And it is pleasant to feel that the tedium of drilling a safe has been mitigated for many a conscientious workman by an occasional glance at a story of mine.

Nevertheless, I do have this yearning, and I am taking advantage of the fact that the editor of this periodical has offered me the hospitality of his columns to try to interest a few blameless and robust persons in my books.

I thought I had found one the other day. She sat next to me at dinner, one of those delightful, intelligent old ladies from whom the years have not taken their keenness of mind and their ability to spot a good man when they see one.

"This is a great moment for me," she said. "I can't tell you how proud I am. I think I have read everything you have ever written."

I looked at her closely. Her features were not worn with suffering. If there had been an Old Ladies Marathon event at the Olympic Games, I would have expected to see her win it in a canter.

"Had much sickness in your family lately?" I asked, to make sure.

"None," she said. "We are an extraordinarily healthy family. We all love your books. My eldest son reads nothing else. He is in America now."

This sounded suspicious.

"Joliet?" I said. "Or Sing-Sing?"

"He is at the Embassy in Washington."

"Has *he* been pretty fit lately?"

"He is never ill."

"And he reads my books?"

"Every one of them. And so do my grandsons. The table in their room is piled with them. And when I go home tonight," she added, "and tell them that I have actually been sitting at dinner next to Edgar Wallace, I don't know what they will say!"

Charlot

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is an incurable flirt and likes nothing better than to be referred to as a Don Juan. He has a slight English accent but considers himself an American. He is the champion of the oppressed even when he is on the side of the oppressors.

He thinks the theatre an old-fashioned and defunct form of art and believes wholeheartedly in the art of the films. He is very observant of details and is a connoisseur of fine paintings. He is neither a heavy drinker nor smoker. He loves games. Tennis is his favorite outdoor sport. He readily listens to advice but rarely takes it. He has great will-power in matters of material ambitions. He is an accomplished musician and sits for hours alone, playing the organ in his home.

He loves to have other people take him seriously but seldom does so himself. He is never satisfied with his work and is persevering to a fault. He has a hearty laugh that discloses rather prominent teeth. He is meticulous in his dress. He is primarily a man's man, yet he has many feminine tendencies. He is the perfect companion, constantly entertaining. He talks continuously with his hands which he waves about, gathering momentum until the end of his discourse.

Life, to him, is a great scientific experiment. There has been only one woman he has ever really loved in his life. Charlie Chaplin will live for years in the memories of many millions and be acknowledged one of the greatest men of our day. It may be bromidic to speak of his genius, but it is surely a greater and more profound gift than he himself realizes. Chaplin will always be "Charlie" and "Charlie" will always be "Charlot", and as such will be a great man to many who wish that they knew him, but cannot—because it is so easy to do so.

Silver . . .

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A thoughtfully related decorative scheme distinguishes the most gracious of modern homes. From the architecture of her house, to its furnishings and appointments, the discerning hostess carries out a consistent and harmonious effect. And now . . . this same discriminating good taste may be exercised in the selection of her tableware, for TREASURE Solid Silver is designed in all the accepted decorative styles, whether Early American, Early English, Georgian or Spanish. Each pattern is STERLING, of course . . . a standard of taste and gracious living that needs no comment.

There is a jeweler in your city who sells TREASURE Silver; he will be glad to show you the various lovely designs in this Sterling tableware. You will be interested in receiving "The Modern Way to Choose Your Silver" . . . the new TREASURE booklet, describing in fascinating detail how you may select your silver to harmonize with the decorative ensemble of your dining room. A copy will be forwarded promptly if you will kindly address your request to Department CI.

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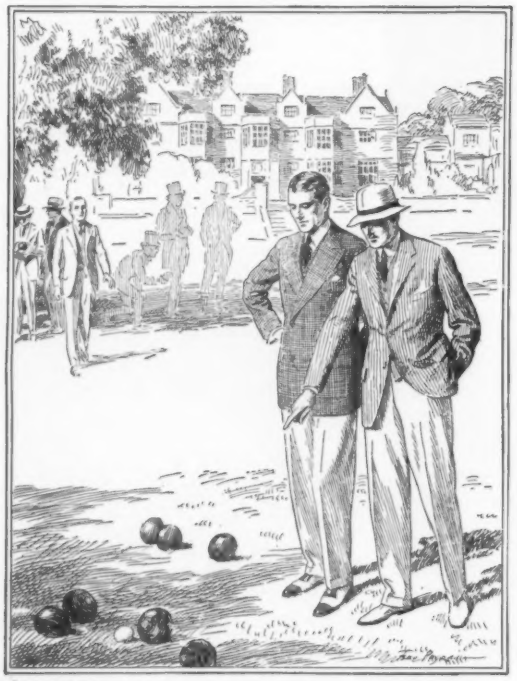

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1818 AND TO-DAY

Clothes & Accessories
for
Midsummer

Send for "A Wardrobe for
LAWN TENNIS & YACHTING"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

The two queens

(Continued from page 45)

sweater suit and a vast spiritual radiance. When her restraining bulk had passed through the door a flood of waiters followed. Like leaves in a hurricane, they flittered and tossed about her, urging, pushing and pulling until she was safely docked behind the table exactly opposite the countess. The American diners wondered who she was: the continentals discussed her past and present in whispers.

Madame and the countess ignored each other, as two houses ignore each other across a city street when both are shuttered for the season and their occupants gone on a holiday. The count for a moment thought he knew Madame (with inimitable French aplomb he had turned completely around in his chair to peer at her) but a brusque gesture from the stoutly booted foot of his consort warned him of his error. He turned an incipient greeting into a snorty grimace and concentrated on his green peas.

Madame smoothed her pulsing bulk into a semblance of repose, straightened out her blouse (the colour of it was something between department-store pink and a jaundiced baby blue), and sighed. She adjusted her embroidered purple turban, and coughed faintly. She eased the stiffness of a violently golden curl that peeped from under the turban with the coy modesty of a gold tooth in a negro's mouth.

The waiters eddied about her with a great deal of noise. They suggested steaks, vetoed wines, approved beer, vetoed beer, and recommended a little salad. Madame brushed them all aside and began to give her order to the head-waiter.

The countess, waiting for her filet, was a bit too obviously amused at the sight of the two blonde bulks. A slight, infinite gesture of one was at once duplicated delicately by the other: no nymph with her Corydon was ever more graceful, more refined, more completely versed in the choreography of the *grande dame*. The countess sneered, her consort growled among his peas (he had only a pint of beer beside), the waiters got in each other's way, and Madame smiled the smile of a girlish Germania. The head-waiter began vanishing toward the kitchens as a Cheshire cat vanishes. Several Americans ordered more beer.

When food came to Madame she consumed it with purposeful grace. The filet came to the countess and was downed with the hungry abandon afforded only by serene social poise. As the head-waiter remarked to a new disciple, the countess was the leader of *le haut monde nicois:* Madame merely catered to its more prevalent weaknesses. Both were gracious ladies, bountiful ("Not *à l'américaine* though," suspected the new disciple), beautiful as position and prominence are always beautiful, and definitely the pride and joy of the *Brasserie.*

"Of course, they are difficult to please together. One will not easily bear the other's presence."

"Naturally," the disciple permitted himself to venture. "*M. le comte* has enjoyed the favours of both."

"Oh but it isn't that. It isn't *that!* The ladies are too cultured and assured in their positions. They are both supremely correct."

"Then what. . . ?"

The Master bent tactfully closer. His little eyes sparkled in the perspiring mass of his pale rose face. The disciple thrilled with expectation.

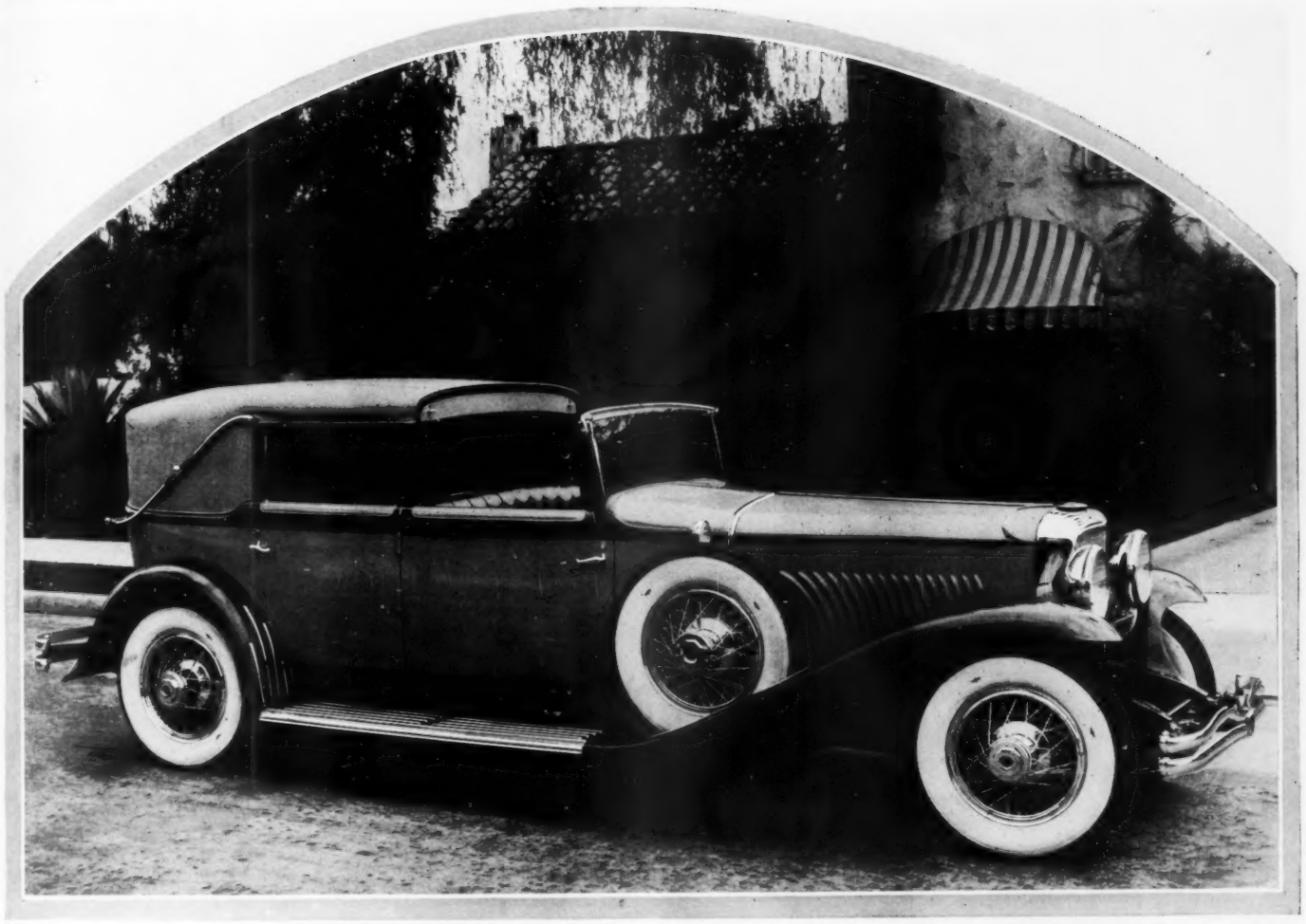
"You see," he whispered in a low tone, "they are sisters."

Reading, the new vice

(Continued from page 47)

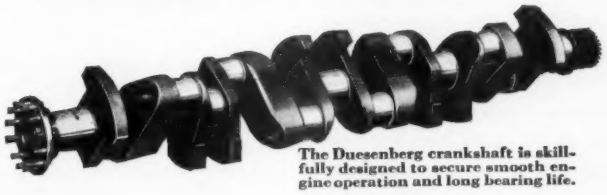
wares at the present rate, to reduce their journal to the dimensions of a single quarto page, on to which it would be physically impossible to cram more than a very limited amount of insignificance, triviality and nonsense. At from three to fifteen dollars a copy, the weekly and monthly periodicals would simply fade out. So would the vast majority of sixty-, eighty-, and hundred-dollar novels. Books would become as precious as they were in classical and mediaeval times, would be treasured with a pious care and studied with that literally religious fervour, which was so characteristic of the seekers after culture in past ages. In this age of abounding rubbish, we simply cannot understand the awed reverence with which Dante, or even the much later Milton, could speak of books and their contents. Only when books are at least as scarce as they were in Milton's day will modern man recapture that passion for literature, that religious respect for culture which distinguished the men of another time. The word "highbrow" has become in our age, which is the age of cheap printing, libraries and encyclopedias, a term of mockery and insult.

The prohibition of unlimited reading—for my proposed tax would amount to a prohibition—may be trusted to produce the same psychological effects as did the prohibition of alcohol in the United States. The Eighteenth Amendment turned thousands of previously sober American citizens into inveterate drinkers. They drank because it was illegal to drink, and then because they liked it, because they had formed the habit. In the same way, my prohibition of promiscuous printing would turn thousands of previously illiterate or magazine-loving men and women into inveterate readers. For the forbidden is always the desirable, and we value most highly what is rare and hard to come by. Pass my proposed measure into law, and the bootlegging of Shakespeare will become one of the most paying of professions. Desperate book-runners will land cargoes of Homer and Dante on the shore of lonely coves; and armed policemen will patrol the land, hunting for illicit paper mills and hidden stores of Plato and Spinoza. In a word, the so-called Problem of the Popularization of Culture will thus be automatically solved.



A Supreme Test of Engineering Skill

Duesenberg Crankshaft Designed to Meet Requirements of 265 H. P. Motor



The Duesenberg crankshaft is skillfully designed to secure smooth engine operation and long bearing life.

YOU may or may not be interested in machinery, but you are tremendously interested in knowing that all parts of your car are so perfectly built that you are completely freed from worry about the possibility of trouble, and are insured smooth, quiet, highly efficient performance at all times.

MUCH OF THE RESPONSIBILITY for your car's continuously successful performance rests upon the engine crankshaft. This important part of the motor must be tremendously strong and rigid to withstand the terrific power thrusts it receives. At the same time it must be so perfectly balanced that it smooths out the slightest power vibration.

AS THE "BACKBONE" of its 265 Horsepower engine, Duesenberg has the most remarkable crankshaft ever built into an automobile. Drop-forged, of the finest double heat-treated chrome nickel steel, 2¾ inches in diameter; providing extreme strength and rigidity equal to any strain. Mounted on five main bearings of unusual size, the shaft is counter-weighted and statically and dynamically balanced, to the smallest fraction of an ounce.

ALSO, THE CRANKSHAFT carries an entirely new type, mercury vibration dampener, specially designed by Mr. Duesenberg. Two cartridges, each containing 16 oz. of mercury, are attached to the cheeks of the shaft. Since mercury seeks its own level more quickly than any other known element, any periodic vibrations set up in the shaft are counteracted immediately by the movement of the mercury in the cartridges. This unique device offers one of the reasons why the most powerful motor car engine built, delivers its power so smoothly and quietly at all speeds and under all driving conditions.

HERE IS ONLY ONE of many notable instances in the construction of this car, in which the creative pioneering genius of Fred Duesenberg has successfully solved new and trying engineering problems.

THE SAME painstaking skill used in designing an adequate crankshaft extends to all parts; the same passion for perfection is carried even to seemingly minor features and to the fittings and appointments. For a Duesenberg's superiority over all other cars consists in the extent to which it excels them in every detail; that is what makes it The World's Finest Motor Car.

"The World's Finest Motor Car"

Duesenberg

A DUESENBERG owner pays no premium for pride in a name. A Duesenberg is marketed on the same basis as the most popular-priced car, Dollar for Dollar Value.

DUESENBERG, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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"IT'S TOASTED"
flat fifties
CIGARETTES
Surprise
Open a flat tin of fifty Lucky Strikes and you'll meet the most amusing little somebody you've seen in many a day. It's one of the Happy-go-Luckies . . . those new place cards that are cornering the conversation at so many smart dinners these days. Everyone's amused at the way the cigarettes and matches actually fit into the cards and form part of the picture.
New York's sophisticated hostesses have discovered them. Have you? Every tin of fifty Luckies has one and there are twelve in the set. They're not for sale, but you get them without cost with your tins of Lucky Strike flat fifties.
"It's toasted"
Your Throat Protection—
against irritation—against cough
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Brothers of the angle

(Continued from page 37)

store in the spring without that sharp, sudden stab of longing—then there is no good arguing with you, for you would not understand. Get back to your own planet. You do not belong on ours.

The haunts of the dry-fly anglers are guarded as jealously as the tribal meeting-house in a village of New Guinea cannibals. They exist on all the trout-streams; comfortable, unpretentious inns where the patient hosts cater to the strange whims of anglers who track their floors with muddy waders, who must be up at five a. m. in time for the hatch on the river, who gear their entire existence to the varied moods of the trout. On the Beaverkill River, for example, Ferdon's excellent Riverview Inn in Roscoe—a hostelry that has never failed to provide every comfort and hospitality to anglers—assumes in May and June the general air of a mobilization camp: rods and waders are stacked on the back porch, the ice-box in the kitchen is loaded with individual pans of fish in which the anglers keep their daily catch, and in the dining-room grizzled campaigners in mufti knock out their pipes on their empty dessert-plates and argue together after supper for hours on the merits of the bi-visible hackle, the particular problems of Barnhart's Pool, the wisdom of sinking your leader, or the size of that big one they turned over that afternoon: "I just saw a glimpse of the tail, but, say—"

Here in Roscoe, moreover, is located the workshop of that superlative craftsman, Walter Dette, whose nimble fingers can fashion a better artificial fly and a more durable one than any English lure I have ever used. Orders for flies pile on his work-table from all parts of the country; and with his partner, Harry Darby, he works feverishly during trout-season, winding hackles, stripping peacock hurl, binding smaller feathers for wings, copying the usual patterns or following the specific instructions of some effete angler who has just evolved a new fly with heliotrope wings, two cowbells, and a small electric light in its eye. And as he works, wide-eyed anglers stagger into his shop, clutching in their trembling fingers a small insect they have just scooped off the water. "Lookit him, Walt—that's what they're taking today—looks like a Cahill with green body. Tie me a couple on number fourteens with some of that grizzled hackle—quick—"

Sometimes in their eagerness the anglers venture further afield: Wyoming, or New Zealand, or Oregon, or Canada. Along the route of the Canadian National, for example, lurk many unexplored areas where the fisherman who has grown used to one and two pound trout in local streams may jog his jaded ganglions with a five or six pound catch. North of Quebec lies the exquisite Laurentides Park district; and here is some of the finest fishing water in the entire East. At Camp Taschereau, we arrived recently, to stare slightly goggle-eyed at the camp visitor's book, in which a departing guest, one Mr. Rex Beach, had just scrawled with a pardonable flourish: "Largest catch today only six and a half pounds, but this was probably due to the low water. Ray Long caught three in an hour in the pool below the dam—four, five and six pounds respectively. . . ." Before such testimony as this, an angler can only sit down and burst into tears. He has reached the stars.

The editor's uneasy chair

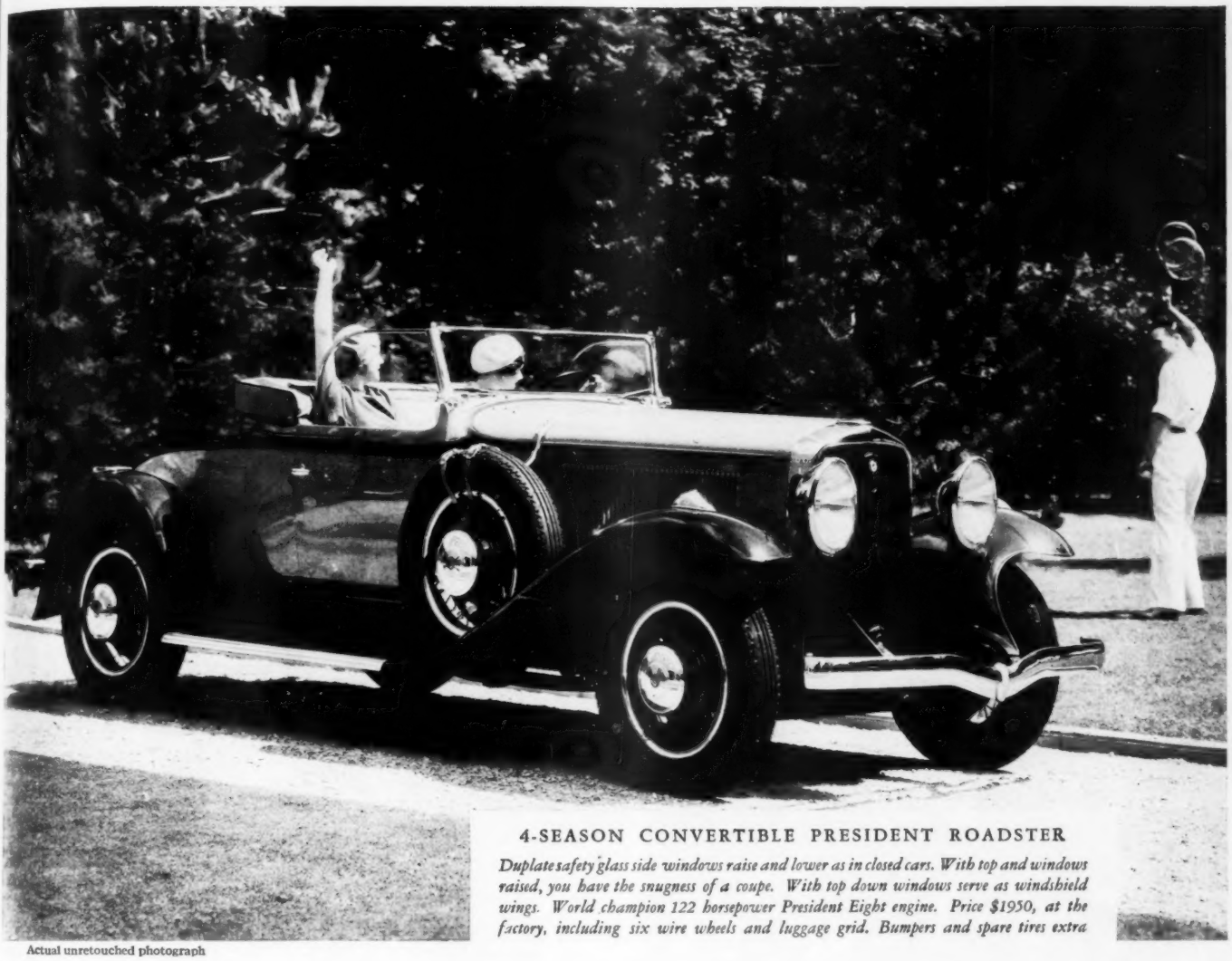
(Continued from page 19)

one of the younger generation, it is my opinion that the people I know do not drink because they crave strong liquor or because they enjoy breaking the law (although today this generally approved form of lawlessness is the one thrill left in an age which science, modern comfort and safety have robbed of all adventure) but they drink because they are nervous, bored and tired.

"I suggest therefore, that if laws are to be made, a new one be enacted prohibiting long and dreary dinner parties, another to close the Stock Exchange. Then in New York, at any rate, cocktails will no longer be necessary to 'pick up' the men after the nervous exhaustion of a day in the Street, or to help them through a dinner which otherwise might not be as gay as their hostesses could wish. The thing to be deplored is not the drinking that goes on in 'society', but the boredom, nervous tension, and materialism of modern life which have made drink a veritable necessity. Most of the men I know need drink just as their boiled shirts need starch: without it they would wilt, and present a sorry social front. I myself feel that an occasional cocktail, or a glass of wine, is not as bad for me as too many cigarettes, nor nearly as ruinous to my complexion, figure, digestion and ultimate success in life as too many slices of chocolate cake. This, however, is a personal point of view. And it is surely a confession that we New Yorkers are so lacking in mental, spiritual and physical resources, that to make up this private lack, we are forced to drink in public.

"As for enforcing Prohibition on the entire population of the United States, that is another matter. However, I believe most earnestly that any law which attempts to coerce an unwilling minority (I think that minority has today become a majority) to abandon an appetite whose occasional indulgence is pleasurable and not pernicious, is doomed to failure. Temperance is a lovelier and saner word than Prohibition, and they have most demonstrably nothing in common."

Surely the suggested program is a graceful compliment to Mr. Hoover, with whom *Vanity Fair* also sympathizes. He must undoubtedly feel that that political anomaly, the Eighteenth Amendment, which was his White House heritage, combines the dubious virtues of a Pandora's box, a Gordian knot and a sword of Damocles hanging over the Presidential chair.



Actual unretouched photograph

4-SEASON CONVERTIBLE PRESIDENT ROADSTER

Duplate safety glass side windows raise and lower as in closed cars. With top and windows raised, you have the snugness of a coupe. With top down windows serve as windshield wings. World champion 122 horsepower President Eight engine. Price $1950, at the factory, including six wire wheels and luggage grid. Bumpers and spare tires extra

Free Wheeling! You need not use the clutch except to start or back up

FREE wheeling, latest of Studebaker's many engineering advancements, takes half the fatiguing footwork out of driving. Gone are the nervous strain and physical strain of constant gear shifting—*you need use the clutch only to start or back up!*

Here is the first car created, which a woman can drive all day, yet leave serene and fresh as when she entered it. It is the first car literally to *float* along, in gear and fully controlled, yet free and silent as though there were no gears.

We know you'll like this *different* car. You'll like the smart new beauty of its contours and appointments—its longer wheelbase and wider doors, seats and windows—its slim, silvery radiator, Ovaloid headlamps, and tiny parking lamps gleaming on its broad, sweeping fenders. You'll like the spirited speed of its 122 horsepower World Champion engine, and the indescribable thrill and thrift of free wheeling. Take one and drive it—today!

The World Champion **President**

NEW SERIES STUDEBAKER EIGHT

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SOMETHING you have been waiting for . . . a cabin ship with de luxe comforts! » » Decorations by such artists as Guy Arnoux . . . rugs by Aubusson . . . great wide modern windows that flood every Salon with sunshine, daring modern lighting . . . a lavish sweep of deck for sports and lounging . . . ventilating system throughout the same as that of the *"Ile de France"* » » Every cabin with its bath or shower . . . adjustable heat control and plenty of trunk space » » English speaking stewards who anticipate every wish . . . French Line cuisine, known the world over » » The *"De Grasse,"* the *"Rochambeau"* and the *new "Lafayette"* manned by French seamen, whose ancestors tamed the Atlantic before Columbus, form the cabin service across the "longest gangplank in the world" to Plymouth for London . . . a few hours later Le Havre, the port of Paris, down the gangplank to a covered pier . . . a waiting express . . . three hours and the city Napoleon loved.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write to 19 State St., New York

Hyde Park and the hecklers

(Continued from page 33)

Minister to us men who did fight. What does a socialist know about runnin' a country?

"What did he go to America for? To hob-nob with the rich over there. Did he go in the poor peoples' homes? I sye he didn't. When it's up they git in the world, it's not the poor they see. Do any o' you bloaters know any rich? You hain't allowed in their houses. All we git is to read about the Prince o' Wiles in Africa. An' who cares? We don't." There were loud shouts.

"Sye, old man, our Prince never done you no harm. Here he's goin' about cementin' trouble between the nytions and you blowin' off your bloody bazoo about him."

"What's your nime?—Lloyd George?" Snickering followed the question.

"I ain't a-blowin' off my bazoo—I have a right to my own opinion how this nation an' its foreign dominions is run. I got a bullet in me chops from a bloody German gun. That's more than the Prince o' Wiles got. I was right up at Wipers fightin' for me country an' its institootions where me and you can't go. I'll tell you, Ramseye MacDonald wouldn't fight an' I did. Go an' get your jaw shot away if you want to talk to me 'bout lovin' Hengland—like I did."

"You got enough jaw left yet," the words came from a voice in the crowd.

"I not only got enough," was the answer "but I hain't afeered to use it." He peered over the crowd in an effort to locate the voice. "I'll bet you was in the American Y. M. C. A.—dealin' brother love to the fightin' boys." The crowd laughed heartily.

"What were *you* fighting for?" a voice asked.

The man who had laid part of a jaw on the battlefield exclaimed angrily, "The very idea—what was I fightin' for?—as if you don't know. What was I fightin' for," he paused a second. "I was fightin' for Hengland—that's what I was fightin' for."

The same voice asked again, "Be specific—what were you fighting for?"

"I am not pacific," the speaker yelled. "It was my own business what I was fightin' for—that's what it was. I'll bet you don't know what the war was about."

"Do you?"

"I guess I wouldn't had my jaw shot away if I didn't know what it was about." He stamped a foot.

"What were you fighting for?"

Exasperated, the soldier yelled, "None of your damned business—that's what," and disappeared in the crowd.

To our rear came the raucous voice of a slattern woman. Her nose was red and snubbed, her eyes were beady. She looked as ancient as adultery, and less inviting.

"I am the sister of Mary Magdalene, O, ye sinners. I was a fallen woman who rose again, like blessed Jesus, on the third day." She beat a dish-pan with a stick and began to sing.

An old woman screamed. "You don't have to be a bad woman in order to be good."

Apparently the singer neither heard nor cared. Her clenched hands went skyward.

"Old hag of the devil—bride and witch of Satan—prepare your bones for the hell in which they will burn forever and ever more—till even God gets tired and rattles the stars out of the sky." She tottered from her perch.

A gentleman whose sex was doubtful, suddenly appeared near the woman who had once been a virgin. His voice was girlish.

"Give him a doll, boys," yelled the old woman heckler, to whom the once-fallen woman had been irate.

"What a nice little Red Ridin' Hood you turned out to be. Too bad the wolf didn't eat you."

The youth rubbed his chin, adjusted his nose-glasses.

"Dear sinners, prepare ye the way of the Lord—by listening to what I shall read." He unfolded a paper and began in a feminine voice.

Not far away stood an Indian boy and a middle-aged Chinaman preaching the gospel of Christ.

Amid the babel of many voices, I took a taxi for the hotel.

Our London letter

(Continued from page 66)

and white shirts worn open at the neck without ties and sleeves rolled up. Or rather, this is the proper kit for Venice, when not actually on the Lido Beach, for in the South of France a bathing suit with a sailor's cap or a beret is quite sufficient attire to motor about all day from one end of the Riviera to the other.

Therefore, aside from the necessity of evening clothes and a suit for travelling, the rest of a man's wardrobe for these hot weather resorts consists of duck trousers, sports shirts, pullover sweaters of the thinnest jersey to be worn in place of a sports shirt, bathing suits, a thin beach robe and one or two linen or duck jackets to wear when the occasion arises. Espadrilles, sandals and any kind of beach footgear that does not necessitate the wearing of socks, is also the order of the day.

Every new arrival on these European beaches appears in a bathing suit and an upper, something of the sort shown here, but with the first coat of tan the uppers are discarded and the majority of men wear only trunks for swimming and their sun bath for the remainder of the season. Likewise, the newcomer brings a bathrobe of towelling, but this is very soon discarded for one of cotton crêpe or silk for the towelling is far too hot for the weather. Several Englishmen in Venice last year had very smart turn-outs consisting of bathing shorts of thin flannel in various colours with contrasting stripes of braid on the trousers and dressing gowns to match. But this combination was too warm to be practical and they were very shortly discarded for the usual bathing trunks supplemented with a thin pullover sweater for lunch on the beach.

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

The imperial coach which carried Napoleon and Josephine to their coronation glittered with golden ornament. Drawn by eight richly caparisoned steeds, it was the most luxurious vehicle of 19th century France

EVERYONE knows that the distinguished Packard Eight provides today's supremely luxurious transportation. But not everyone knows that Packard ownership need cost no more than motoring in vehicles of lower price and less distinction.

The facts are these: *Operating* costs in the aggregate are no greater for a Packard Standard Eight than for any other car of like size, no matter what its price. And *depreciation* cost is no greater when the owner keeps his Packard a little longer than he is accustomed to drive lesser vehicles

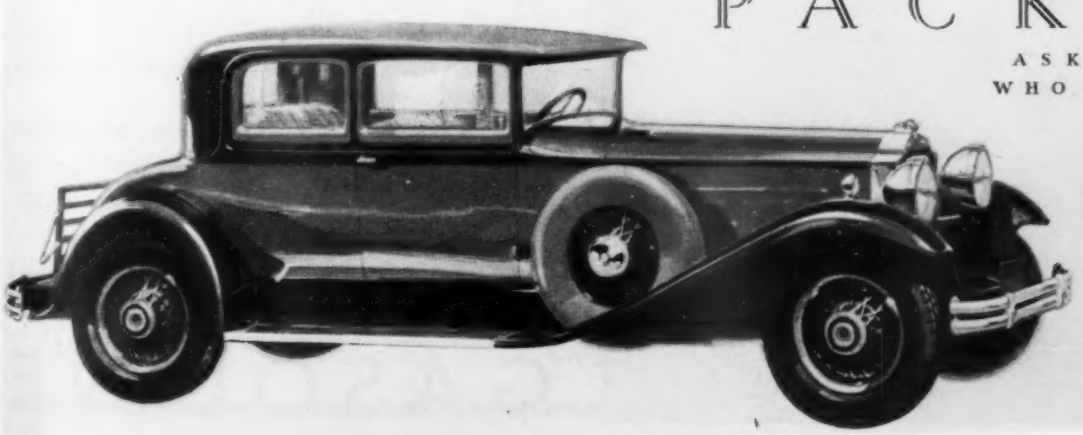
Thus a car delivered at sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars and traded in after two years or so costs fully as much in depreciation as a Packard Standard Eight driven some three years. And records show that most Packard owners *do* keep their cars much longer —both in months and miles!

Apply these facts to your own motoring. Compare the actual costs of your present car with those of a Packard Standard Eight—which any Packard man will gladly supply. Perhaps you, too, will find that *you are paying for a Packard* without enjoying its beauty, its distinction and its luxury.

And if you *are* paying for a Packard, *why not have one?*

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS ONE



GETAWAY

QUICK getaway is important indeed to the pheasant when danger threatens. And quick getaway is what carries the motorist through driving emergencies.

Ethyl Gasoline speeds up the getaway of any car because it is more than gasoline. It is good gasoline to which leading oil companies are adding Ethyl fluid, the anti-knock compound developed by automotive research to provide a better motor fuel.

The new high-compression cars *must* have Ethyl to do their best. But the improvement Ethyl makes in older cars is just as marked.

This week-end, try Ethyl in the most congested traffic you can find. You'll like it. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

ETHYL GASOLINE

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The Bournemouth mystery

(Continued from page 74)

change headgear. *Pater-familias* or *Pax vobiscum*, or one of those writers to *The Times*, argued learnedly that as one of the telegrams had the word "Butler" in the signature, the murderer was an East Indian magnate, in search of a "housekeeper-mistress."

For four months the police made no apparent progress, in spite of an enormous amount of heart-breaking work. But at last among the thousands of verbal communications and written messages, the needed information was found, swamped in this mass of documents. A designer of motor-cars, named Humphris, had travelled from London that night; and had seen a woman wearing a hat like that of Miss Wilkins. He saw that she was met by a man in chauffeur's uniform, and that they rode away together. A few days later he saw the car again and this time he noted the number.

Its owner was an elderly invalid, named Sutton. His alibi was perfect. The story told by his chauffeur, as to his actions on that December night, was good enough to pass the first examination, but not wholly satisfactory. This man, named Thomas Henry Allaway, gave samples of his handwriting, to compare with the originals of the three telegrams. There were differences in the writing, but he spelled "plesent" in the same manner. Yet there were available to the police no samples of his writing *before* the crime, and when he was unwarned.

With others, he was under observation until spring, when he suddenly stole his employer's check-book, and vanished, leaving a trail of forged checks. Garrett had now obtained an example of Allaway's writing, made before the murder. He arrested the chauffeur for forgery, and soon altered the charge to murder. This was after Allaway had been picked out from a group of other chauffeurs in uniform. The identification was made by the newsdealer who sold him *The Morning Post*, and by the three clerks to whom he had handed his three telegrams. Mr. Lloyd Woodland, in his history of the case, (in the *Famous Trials Series*) says that "a number of circumstantial facts, radiating inwards like the spokes of a wheel, pointed to Allaway as the only possibly guilty person. He was the single individual whom all the circumstances fitted."

Part of the mystery was never cleared. The vague term "sex-mania" hardly accounts for Allaway's peculiar action in luring women down from London. Nor is it known exactly what happened in that hour after Miss Wilkins arrived in Bournemouth. Those who always feel uneasy over a conviction by circumstantial evidence can be relieved by the fact that Allaway, before execution, confessed.

A MODERN DEVELOPMENT IN THE INVESTMENT FIELD

A comparatively new idea is brought to American investors in the "fixed" investment trust.

Long established in European finance, this type of investment trust has won wide acceptance in this country the past few years. Its supporters claim, as one of its most interesting features, that it provides an additional factor of safety through its fixed plan for diversified reinvestment . . . the merits of which the prospective investor can thoroughly examine before actually investing his money.

If you would like to know more about "fixed" investment trusts, write to us for any or all of these descriptive booklets:

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American Basic-Business Shares Corporation

"AS SOUND AS THE FUTURE OF AMERICA"
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"PAR—Power and Rail Trusted Shares"
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"THE INVESTMENT TRUST—As a Solution of the Investment Problem"
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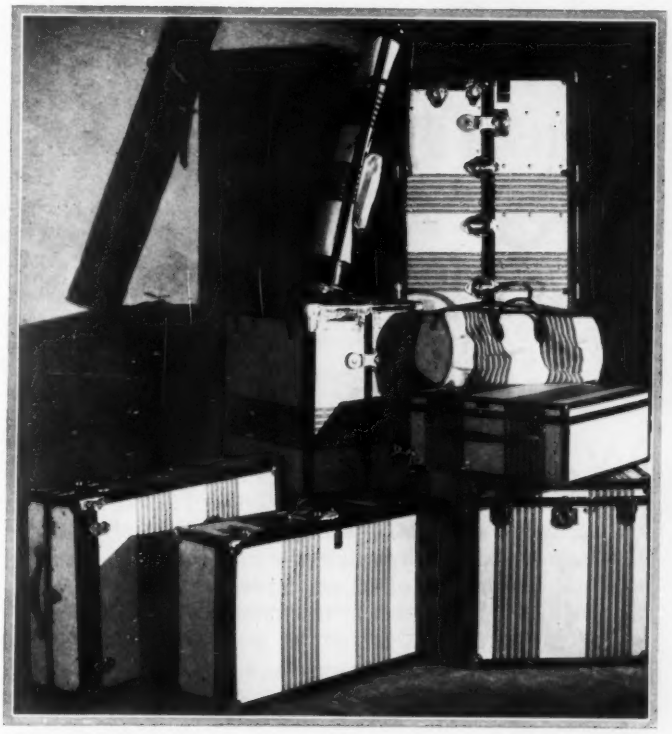

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Marriage for profit

(Continued from page 26)

mistake of giving the same parting presents to all her companions. It was a slim platinum watch chain. The number of young men who wore these chains excited some comment in Paris, and they themselves were slightly embarrassed on meeting their fellow victims and recipients. These parting presents should therefore be diverse in shape and perhaps in cost. But I am becoming fastidious.

I am glad to observe that modern society has subconsciously come to realise the truths that I have above expounded. A woman who marries for a great deal of money is never today regarded with contempt. She may incur the shafts of jealousy, and the poison of envy,—but she will be provided also with the antidote of respect. It is significant indeed that women who have married for money are criticised only by those who have been so foolish as to marry for love. Failure is ever apt to criticise success: and a marriage for love is, from the material point of view, always a comparative failure.

In other ages, of course, people did not invariably regard the material point of view as solely authoritative. There are some backward men and women living today who maintain somewhat pathetically that money is not the most important thing in life. Such curious survivals would perhaps actually prefer to marry men whom they loved than those whom they did not love, even if they would lose as much as 700,000 dollars a year by such renunciation. I have heard such people contend that they are happier with their babies and pigeons in a cottage than they would be even if housed in the whole top floor of the Ritz. What is so strange about them is that they actually *look* happier than some of the most blazing constellations of the social world. This must, we presume be due to their cow-like placidity and is in fact an exposure of their low animal nature. We are not concerned with such as these.

Yet even in the more progressive world of the rich and social there remain certain prejudices which it should be the duty of this journal to eradicate. For whereas it is thought to be a wise and honourable thing for a woman to marry a rich although revolting husband, yet there still survives a slightly outmoded prejudice against the man who marries a rich although revolting wife. Here again we come up against the biological factor. Here again we are back in the cave.

Merely because in the ice-age it was the man who hunted and the woman who remained at home, it is today thought "unmanly" for the male to subsist solely on the resources of the female. Surely such an attitude is uncivilised? There are many men whose comfort, happiness, physique, charm, and even intelligence are much increased by a large settled income. The only essential for men who marry for money is that they must be extremely good looking. Few things are more painful to a man of gentlemanly feelings than to witness the purchase of a husband who is plain. No one really minds if a rich woman buys a young and very handsome husband: one feels that she has got something for her money. But it is painful, and indeed discreditable, to marry a very rich woman unless you are as lovely as Alcibiades. It gives the impression that she may be marrying you for your moral or intellectual qualities,—an impression which is slightly bourgeois, and in any case may cause disquiet to those others for whom such considerations have no meaning. It is extremely bad taste to behave better than one's surroundings.

But this article was not intended to be about exceptional men: it was about exceptional women. I should like them all to marry very rich bankers of over fifty-three. And I pray to God that I shall never, either in this life or the next, be forced to meet any of these very exceptional women.

Excuse it, please

(Continued from page 29)

Then, suddenly, into the stillness warm with sentiment, a telephone bell cut sharply, insistently once and again. Alfred disengaged his hand to pick up the receiver. In a moment, he put it back.

"'Number, please?'" he quoted scornfully. "I guess it was a mistake, honey."

But it rang again—and again, and the sound did not come from the instrument beside the bed. Mr. Duffy sat up and switched on the light.

"It's the telephone next door, dear," Violet finally found it possible to say. "If you'll just go out to the hall and listen. . . ."

"It is not," replied her husband flatly, getting out of bed as the bell rang sharply once more. He stood in the middle of the room, tracing the sound; and then he moved across the floor as it rang again. Now he was standing, incredulous, before the portrait of himself that hung on the wall.

Now he had traced the bell. . . . He was lifting the painting from the wall, placing it carefully on a chair. . . . He was opening a hidden door in the wall behind it. . . . The secret telephone was in his hand. . . .

"Hello! . . . What? . . . No, there's no Mr. Allison here. You've got the wrong number, madam—I say Central's given you the wrong number. There's no one by the name of Allison here."

He replaced the receiver, in an inexorable silence turned and faced his wife. Violet threw a white arm before her face, as though to ward off a blow.

"Alfred, I swear—", she shrilled.

"Shut up!"

The pink marabou trembled as Mr. Duffy, his eyes too bright with understanding, moved slowly toward his wife.

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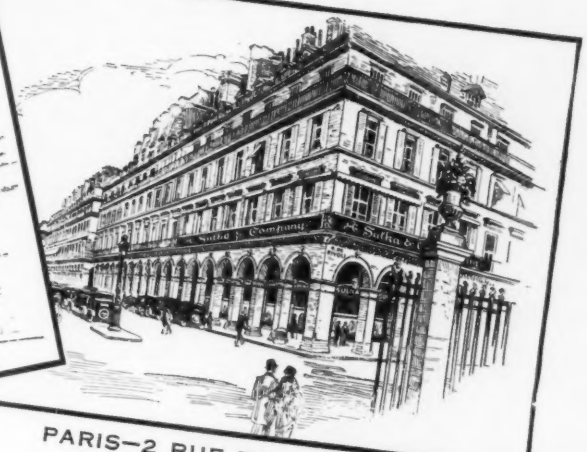

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Balancing the books

(Continued from page 55)

nevertheless a genuine thrill now to find that pen turning to prose, and filling in those outlines with words both original and bitterly true.

Mr. Held, in another mood, has contributed some of his famous caricatures to a deft and amusing collection of week-end verses entitled *Saturday to Monday* by Newman Levy (*Knopf*). Personally I go to my next week-end over my hostess's dead body; but if I ever do become temporarily deranged and accept another invitation to Liberty Hall, I shall pack this volume with me, to leave propped on the bureau next morning beside the open window and the rope of knotted bedclothes and the tell-tale tracks leading across the strawberry bed toward the railroad station.

All of us who have been mutilating our copies of *The Bookman* and *The New Yorker* and *Vanity Fair* and cutting out the stories by Dorothy Parker as they appeared, one by one, for fear we might never see them gathered together in book-form, may throw away our dog-eared collection at last; for Mrs. Parker has just reprinted thirteen of the best of her incomparable prose pieces in a volume entitled *Laments for the Living* (*Viking*). Here you will find them all: *A Telephone Call* and *Dialogue at Three in the Morning* and the famous *Big Blonde*, as well as two or three you may have missed because you never subscribed to *Pictorial Review*. And as you reread them, and gasp again at the diabolic accuracy of her dialogue and her complete sense of pace and craftsmanship, I think you will agree that here is perhaps the greatest living master of ironic humor—humor in its fullest meaning of *human comedy*, the pathetic, thwarted, ridiculous struggle of ordinary mean mortals, with all their weariness and sour spite and tiny personal agonies.

More good news. The house of William Edwin Rudge has added to its remarkable series, *Masters of Etching*, a volume containing twelve reproductions by Arthur Briscoe; and these superb interpretations of the sailor and the sea, by a man whose own experiences on ships guarantee his work to be utterly authentic, constitute to my mind one of the most appealing and beautiful collections I have ever seen. Briscoe has caught upon the copper plate the true character of the sailorman: taking his turn at the wheel, heaving line, or hanging out on the yard to furl sail. This monograph, with a sympathetic foreword by Malcolm C. Salaman, is a book I personally would not part with; the twelve etchings have been chosen so tactfully, and their reproduction is so excellent that several of them—and it broke my heart to do so—I cut out of the book and sent down to be framed.

To another series published by the same house, *Famous Sporting Prints*, has been added a sixth volume entitled *Boxing*, which contains eight colour prints of the pugilistic art back in the bare-knuckle days; and there is something in the stiff absurd postures of these old lions that catches the spirit of their epic battles. This volume, like the etchings of Arthur Briscoe and others in these series, sells for $2.25; and Mr. Riddell recommends them whole-heartedly to experts and amateurs alike.

Some years ago, I visited that very entertaining host, Mr. André Roosevelt, who at that time constituted 12½% of the white population of the island of Bali in the Dutch East Indies; and since I left that enchanted corner of the world, I have tried to keep the secret of its incomparable beauty and innocence to myself, for fear the word would get out and the tourists and traveling salesmen would descend upon it in droves. Lately Mr. Hickman Powell, gifted writer, happened to visit Bali and Mr. Roosevelt also; but his enthusiasm so carried him away that he has written a book and given the whole secret out. It is a very lovely book indeed, with graceful and sincerely rapturous prose, a decent spirit of respect for the traditions of the people there, and illustrated with drawings by Alexander King and some camera-studies by André Roosevelt himself. It is called *The Last Paradise* (*Cape and Smith*); but as I see it mount in popularity, I begin to wonder when the stampede will start, and the word *Last* in the title will be changed, alas! to *Lost*.

H. M. Tomlinson—and there could be no man alive more fitted to the task—has collected a vast anthology of sea stories called *Great Sea Stories of All Nations* (*Doubleday, Doran*), a very leviathan of a volume running well over a thousand pages and representing in this collection all the great sea-stories of all time. It is unquestionably the most complete anthology of the sea that has yet been assembled.

Other books; a varied sheaf. *Brief Candles* by Aldous Huxley (*Doubleday, Doran*) is a collection of three short stories and a novelette which have the decadent wit, the sour half-smile, the carefully-grooved nuances of the Huxley style; but behind this style for the first time appears a sudden shy morality which is a little shocking and almost a little indecent. *A Generation Missing* by Carroll Carstairs (*Doubleday, Doran*) is a war volume of peculiar interest: provocative, unafraid, admirable alike for its frankness and its natural beauty; a book not to be overlooked. *Journey's End* has been made into a novel by R. C. Sherriff and Vernon Bartlett (*Stokes*) and still retains its quality of courage, its humor, its splendid restraint. *Jews Without Money* by Michael Gold (*Liveright*) is a strangely compelling volume, of tragic power.

Last, and least. The situation of a critic who is about to publish a book of his own should be a simple one; common decency ought to keep him from mentioning it at all. Yet Mr. Riddell cannot resist this opportunity to state here his eternal obligation to Miguel Covarrubias, whose inspired and devastating caricatures illustrate *The John Riddell Murder Case* (*Scribner's*). These cartoons, as impish as Beerbohm, as destructive as Daumier, represent the very height of satiric art in America today; and it is Mr. Riddell's proud privilege that he has been so fortunate as to be allowed to write parodies which may have inspired some of this important and lasting work of Covarrubias.

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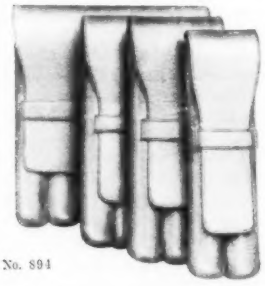

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ENGLAND

Talking up—

(Continued from page 39)

you no grief. For a dinner party or a week-end which is not followed by a post-mortem is worse than dead.

Of course, there are subsidiary topics with which to embellish these general themes: the high rents on Long Island, unusual bridge hands, backgammon contests, pedigreed pups and race-horses, the idiosyncrasies of the Newporters as retailed by privileged visitors to that social *sanctum sanctorum*, and, once in a while, a desultory discussion of a prominent political figure, provided again that his private life is sufficiently under suspicion to make his public career worth discussing. It is wiser, however, to leave politics, domestic and otherwise, strictly alone—at least until the ladies have left, although it may be remarked at table—with commendable esprit—that Gandhi is the colored fellow (isn't he?) who is putting salt on the British lion's tail; or that on his account Isadora Duncan's brother walked down to the Battery for salt, whereupon another guest (who heard the remark before) will ask "Why wasn't he arrested for assault and battery?" Or you may wittily explain that Mussolini is the Italian who levelled a tax on bachelors because he wanted "more Woppy and less whoopee". Mr. Hoover is a poor subject for a society which was completely spoiled by the antics of Warren G. Harding and the taciturnity of Calvin Coolidge. The latter's disappearance from public life brought an end to an era of anecdotes as remarkable for their prolixity as Mr. Coolidge was for his reputed conversational aridity.

However, with the aid of these five or six topics, the dinner will be already over, and at this point the ladies leave the gentlemen to their liqueurs and cigars. The latter, relieved of the presence of the gentler sex which imposed a certain restraint and the use of rather involved circumlocutions, gleefully fall into their anecdotage, while in the other room, those women who are not at the moment powdering their noses, begin to prattle solemnly on the A B C of feminine discussion: Adultery, Babies and Clothes.

Possibly all this may be most depressing to anyone old fashioned enough still to believe that conversation should be provocative, informative and, on rare occasions, brilliant. But if you are well versed in the fine points of this new game or art of conversation, there is satisfaction enough in following its simple rules.

The pleasure you may have once found in a delicious bon mot, in an epigram as neatly carved as a bit of Chinese jade, in a flash of repartee, bright and bitter as a sword thrust, you recapture in hearing the dear familiar ring of an oft told tale. The delight you once took in hearing or propounding a new theory, which unfolded before the mind's eye like a bit of unexplored landscape, you now experience in that prophetic thrill which comes when you are able, beyond a doubt, to predict every phrase, every word that will issue from the lips of each person present.

Then, too, there is the thrill of adventure which sweeps over you when you allow yourself to tremble on the verge of an opinion, when an epigram you never utter is dangerously foreshadowed, or when you hang perilously close to that abyss—the advancement of a theory. For the short space of a second your hostess looks at you with dawning horror, as if you were about to confess to the murder of your broker. Then she breaks out in a smile of approval and relief, when you withdraw from the brink and say, instead, the expected, the commonplace, the conventional. In short, with practice and persistence, you may become a master of the wise-crack, a candidate for an interlocutor's degree. You will gather the social fruits of your conversational victories at all the dinner tables in town and country.

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The Star Spanglization of Paris

(Continued from page 43)

Dôme and Rotonde where in yesteryears Mimi supped with Raoul to the tinkle of *Bon Soir, Madame La Lune,* matters are little different. Yankee is the dominating tongue, shrieked across marble-topped tables by boys and girls, hailing from Grand Rapids and points west, dogged out in flaming *bérets,* V-necked sweaters, and plus fours. Al guzzles highballs with Mazie; Pete downs rickeys with Maud. So goes it, likewise, at the Jungle, over the way, and the Jockey, further on, both rich in Harlem tang, where *Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here* and *Sweet Adeline* are *chansons* of the moment.

In architecture, too, the American has left his mark, whole blocks of flats, fashioned on Bronx lines, sprinkling the city in every direction, while from traffic towers, modeled after those of the inventive Dr. Harris, gendarmes now direct the flow of vehicles in strict Manhattan form. American drug-stores line the Avenues; American barber shops fill the hotels. American lawyers, doctors, and dentists have opened lavish offices; there are American osteopaths and American beauty parlors, American clubs and American banks, American tailors and American bucket-shops, American travel bureaux and American undertakers. The American Methodist Memorial Centre graces the rue Denfert-Rochereau and in the old-world rue Jean-Goujon there is an American Rotary Club!

And yet, American as Paris has grown, with all its jazz-soaked dance dives, fashioned for the sophomore, débutante, and profiteer, its Hollywood talkies and Luna Park, its tea-room-luncheonettes and soda-water grills, its dizzy lobbies and rubber-neck-busses, how little the tripper knows of true Paris! For in ninety-nine cases in a hundred he insists on doing the American "thing"—*i. e.,* what he does in America in the American way. Thus he will dash, as fast as his legs (or the nearest taxi) can carry him, to the bar—be it Harry's, the Ritz, or Chatham—where rumor has it the majority of his fellow folk congregate, to the restaurant, hall, or cocktail dive confided by his pal who "did" Europe the preceding year. For Paris to him means a glorified Coney Island, plus legitimate liquor and easy erotic joys. Along with the guide who has collared him in front of the Café de la Paix, he trips, tingling with the last Stinger, to the darkened doorway in the rue Laferrière, therein to indulge his fevered emotions in a room so punctured with peep-holes it would turn the most ventilated Swiss cheese green with envy. He lunches at half a dozen restaurants, dines at as many others, and believes he knows all there is to know about French cuisine. He appraises the charms of French womanhood by the samples he views in the cafés and *maisons de plaisir.* He motors to Fontainebleau, gulps down a flock of "quick ones" at the Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre and thinks he has seen the countryside. He is slapped on the back by Joe Zelli and is able (perhaps) to give the cab driver the right number in the rue Blondelle, where for the price of a beer, he may gaze on the bulbous torsos of coin-grabbing wenches *au naturel.* He reads the *New York Herald* or *Chicago Daily Tribune,* glimpsing only those foreign gazettes whose pages teem with shots of near nudes and whose text advertises, in bold Anglo-Saxon, "ultra realistic photos," "curious books on love's intimate pleasures," and *de luxe* editions of the *Kama Sutra,* along with the names and addresses of certain "discreet private" hotels. He sips Turkish coffee among rug dealers at the Mosquée, and in the fetid air of the Moulin Rouge, ogles the tired-eyed typist, whose sailor partner for the moment has slipped "round the corner". In the blinding daze of the Rat Mort he stifles a yawn and orders with mock nonchalance another quart of "wine." Bed? Rubbish. The night's just begun for him. He'll show these Frenchies a thing or two. He'll drink the bunch of 'em under the table. That's what he'll do. Whoopee!

His is the Paris of the rue Brey and American Express Company; of the Place Vendôme and Mitchell's all-night lunch; of the rue de Rivoli and Thomas Cook's; of the Lido bathing wenches and Bal Tabarin; of the Boeuf sur Le Toit and the smug Traktir Bar; of the Restaurant Chinois and Sam's. But the real Paris that still exists, despite all that he knows to the contrary, remains to him a thing apart. The Paris of the top-flight, walk up, giving on a vine-cloaked *impasse.* The Paris of the moon-splashed Seine, along whose edges lovers, arm-round-waist, whisper life's ever new story. The Paris of the outlying parks and gardens, beneath whose foliage the din of commerce fades into the beyond. The Paris of the sinister but magic rue des Gravilliers; of the Bal Nègre's hidden glories, of the terrifying Grappe d'Or. The Paris of little Yvonne of the raven curls and chestnut eyes, who tends shop during day in the rue de Bac and at night embellishes a table in the Jardin des Trois Voleurs. Of this he knows nothing. Nor is he to know the laughter that rings in these hearts,—not the forced, pseudo wheezes that echo through the tinseled drink dens or mirrored love shops, but the honest, throaty guffaws of the *bistros,* of Les Halles in the early morning, of the Abattoirs at high noon, of the nether nests off the Place St. Michel. For Paris, which flaunts its shams before the stranger, also has its secrets, withheld jealously from the prying eye and eager ear of the thrill seeker who buys all his fun from an over-seas, over-stuffed wallet.

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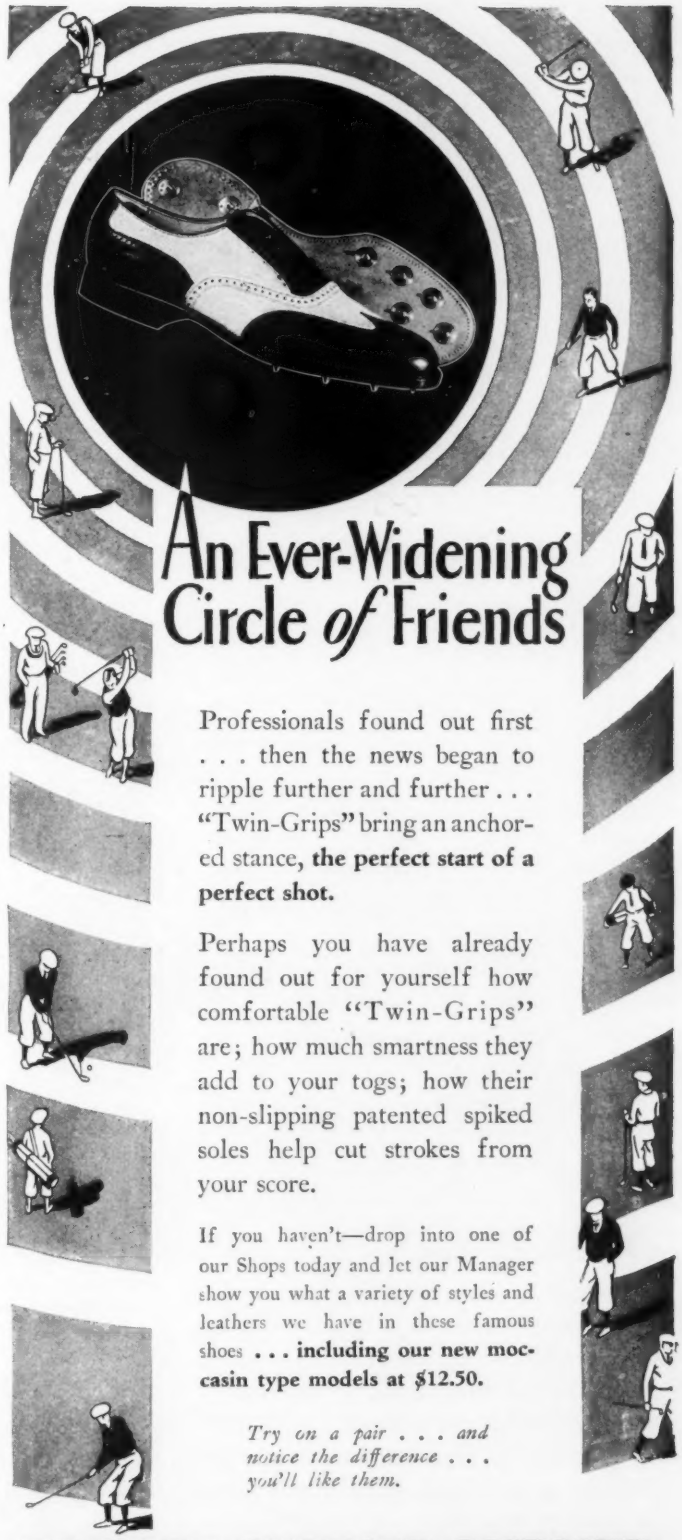

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Professionals found out first . . . then the news began to ripple further and further . . . "Twin-Grips" bring an anchored stance, **the perfect start of a perfect shot.**

Perhaps you have already found out for yourself how comfortable "Twin-Grips" are; how much smartness they add to your togs; how their non-slipping patented spiked soles help cut strokes from your score.

If you haven't—drop into one of our Shops today and let our Manager show you what a variety of styles and leathers we have in these famous shoes **. . . including our new moccasin type models at $12.50.**

Try on a pair . . . and notice the difference . . . you'll like them.

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER

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212 Washington St.
430 Stuart St.

BROOKLYN
367 Fulton St.

CHICAGO
106 Michigan Ave. (S)
16 So. Dearborn St.
Carbide & Carbon Bldg.
(230 N. Michigan Ave.)

CINCINNATI
Doty Clothing Co.
429 Walnut St.

CLEVELAND
1935-1945 E. 9th St.

DETROIT
230-234 Michigan Ave.

HARTFORD
Horsfall's Shoe Dept.
93-99 Asylum St.

KANSAS CITY
1002 Walnut St.

MILWAUKEE
8 Wisconsin Ave.

MINNEAPOLIS
91 South 6th St.

NEW YORK
350 Madison Ave.
153 Broadway
131 West 42nd St.
365 Broadway
1263 Broadway
253W. 57th St.

OMAHA
214 So. 15th St.

PHILADELPHIA
100 So. 16th St.

PROVIDENCE
Sullivan Co
159 Westminster St.

ST. PAUL
339 Robert St.

SEATTLE
1214 Fourth Ave.

WASHINGTON
Saltz Brothers
1341 F. Street, N. W.

In Homes that the Younger members of the Family find Attractive

Sons and daughters enjoy the consideration shown in providing enough telephones to meet the requirements of their active lives

* * *

This younger generation in today's homes is an unusually busy and interesting one. Its young men and women have their own varied interests, their own plans and pleasures and obligations And fortunate is the family in which this individuality of its members is fully considered in the arrangements of the household.

Homes that sons and daughters find attractive are equipped with *enough* telephones. There is one in Tom's room, another in Peggy's, another in Janet's. There is one on the sun porch, where the young people and their friends gather. Calls from these telephones can be made without disturbing other members of the family. And the young people feel that the parts of the house in which they live and entertain their friends really belong to them. Just as they enjoy having the use of a car, they enjoy the convenience of their own telephones.

This added telephone convenience, which means so much to all the family, is very moderate in cost. Your local Bell Company will be glad to help you select appropriate locations for telephones in your home. Just call the Business Office.

Laughter . . . and the talk of youth . . . and the pleasant hours when the summer sun slants across the lawn. When the thought occurs to the young people to call their friends, or when their friends wish to get in touch with them, the telephone is right at hand. A modern note that suits the mood of youth . . . and plays its part in making the home more livable for every member of the family.

The final touch that makes a girl's room completely her own . . . a telephone on her bedside table . . . for ease in arranging her day's program.

A young man appreciates having a telephone in his own room . . . it's mighty handy for him—and for all the rest of the family.

THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS GREENWICH, CONN

ILLUSTRATED: THE 21 FT. RUNABOUT—115 H. P. LYCOMING STRAIGHT 8 ENGINE—35 M. P. H. PRICE, F. O. B. WORKS, $2100

SKIM the crystal lakes that mirror Northern pines ⋯ or find a Northern coolness in a lazy evening cruise on waters nearer home ⋯ Whatever you want a motor boat to do, there is a Dodge Boat to do it dependably ⋯ Dollar for dollar, size for size, Dodge Boats are unique in seaworthiness, comfort, beauty, speed, value ⋯ The 30-mile-an-hour 40-horsepower 16-footer costs but $945 ⋯ Like all Dodge Boats it is planked with genuine mahogany, the bottom double-planked ⋯ The cost-reducing power of vast production, made possible by the unprecedented popular appreciation of Dodge values is evidenced too in the 21-footer at $2100, the 25-footer at $2500, the 28-footer at $3700, Victoria Sedans from $3900 to $5300 ⋯ Write for the new Dodge Catalog that pictures and describes all Dodge Models.

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★ ★

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Swift and breathless, those final moments of thrilling play. Too swift and breathless to last. But there's an after-thrill that's even better: The quiet satisfaction of a good cigarette . . . so fragrant and rich, so mild, so incomparably mellow that it could only be a Camel. . . . And that's your advantage, too.

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